THE CABINET,

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

No. III. OF THE NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1809.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

The Common-Place-Book, No. III. - - - - - - - 187
Virgil and Silius Italicus - 188
Moore on his Irish Melodies 192
Reply to the Philosophical Magazine, on Fourcroy's Chemical Philosophy - 193
Antidote to Little's Poems 202
The Life of the Company - 208
Excursion in Derbyshire - 210
Critique on the Song of "Billy Taylor" - - - 215
Homer - - - - - - - 224

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Seymour, Lord Chedworth, Pye and Douce on Shakspeare - - - - - - - 225
Carr's Caledonian Sketches 242
Lewis's Romantic Tales - 246
Gilchrist's Corbet - - - 250
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE 254

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

British Gallery - - - - 256

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

W. Knyvett's "Auld Robin Gray" - - - - - - - 257
Phelps's "Tho' thine Eyes" 258
Horsley's "By Celia's Arbour" - - - - - - - - 259

VERSE.

Horace, Lib. 1. Od. xv. - 260
On the Death of Frolick - 261
To a Lady at the Theatre - id.
A Night Song - - - - - id.
Parody of the "Golden Days of Good Queen Bess" 262

THE DRAMA.

The Greek Drama - - - 263
Mr. Tobin's Plagiarisms - 266

THE THEATRES.

King's Theatre - - - - 273
Drury-lane Theatre - - - 274
Covent-garden Company - 278
THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE - - - - - - - 280

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The shortness of the last month has deceived our Engraver, and the Portrait of Mr. Owen, *which was intended for the present Number, cannot be given with it in that finished state, in which it is the Artist's wish to produce it. It is therefore thought best to defer it till the next Number, which will, of course, contain two Portraits.*

A Theatrical Amateur's eulogiac *Lines on Mr. Elliston*, do not suit our Magazine. Let our Correspondent try the Monthly Mirror.

The second Paper of Domesticus shall have a place. So shall that of Graius on the Greek Plagiarisms of Horace.

Errata in our last Number.

P.	L.	
103	13	*for* pantosocratic *read* pantisocratic.
154	6	*for* every respect *read* every other respect.
156	5	*for* flowers *read* hours.
163	23	*for* Trophonias *read* Trophonius.
180	3	*for* St. James's *read* a.
181	25	*read* "Not acted *here* (2) these seven years." In only a few copies.
180	19	*for* with *read* for.

Corrigendum.

In the review of Green's Poems in our last Number, we stated our understanding that the author was a Carpenter. We are requested to correct this, and to say that he is an Apprentice to a Timber-Merchant.

THE

CABINET,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

THE COMMON-PLACE-BOOK

No. III.

ARISTOPHANES AND OTWAY.

The resemblance in the two following passages, is ludicrously remarkable:—

" Λυ. Τι πεπονθαμεν κακον;
" Λυσ. Βινητιωμεν."

ARISTOPH. *Lysistrate.*

" Our cause
" Is in a damn'd condition; for I'll tell thee,
" That canker-worm, call'd *Lechery*, has touched it."

OTWAY, *Venice Preserved.*

In the comedy the women had conspired together against the men: in the tragedy, the men had conspired against the state:—and both their plots were in danger from " *Lechery.*"

Observe, by the way, this beautiful instance of Attic conciseness. What Otway has expressed by the above strong, but diffuse, language is expressed by Aristophanes in one word, (βινητιωμεν.)

GIBBON AND MITFORD.

It is a singular circumstance, that our two best historians of Grecian and Roman History, should have been both Colonels of the South Hampshire Militia.

VIRGIL AND SILIUS ITALICUS.

MR. EDITOR,

Some critics, who think that abuse is criticism, have distinguished Silius Italicus by the nick-name of *Virgil's Ape.* It must indeed be confessed, that Silius trod so scrupulously in the steps of the Mantuan Bard, that he has not the gait of a person who walks at his ease. But, upon the whole, are not his beauties more numerous than his faults? Is not his style (if we except a few idle epithets, and an occasional luxuriance of words) distinguished by great precision? Are not many of his similes and illustrations happily conceived and beautifully expressed? Does he not afford much valuable information relative to the second Punic war? Does he not give great explanation with regard to the Roman mythology and geography? Nay, that he is not destitute of true poetic spirit will be readily acknowledged by all, who remember the Passage of the Alps (iii. 477), the Fate of Regulus (vi. 346), the Catastrophe of the Saguntines (ii. 609), the Farewell of Hannibal and Imilce (iii. 62), and the Departure of Hannibal from Italy (xvii. 149). Nevertheless, as originality of thought is the true criterion of genius, Silius will never be classed in the first rank of poets: Imitation, if it be carried to an undue length, will necessarily beget tameness and feebleness. Yet in an age, when the Latin language was on the decline, it was surely creditable to his good sense to have selected for his model the purest poet of the Augustan times, and thus to have exhibited seventeen books of pure Latinity, free from the bombast and contortions of Lucan and Statius.

But it is not my intention to enter into a formal critique on the epic of Silius, but to point out his imitations of the Æneid. A comparison of this nature is both pleasing and instructive: it is amusing to detect the little stratagems, by which the borrower would fain conceal his obligations; at the same time, the classical student improves his judgment by examining the variations of the same idea, and gains a deeper insight into the delicacies of Latin poetry.

The following columns will, at one glance, convey to the reader the complete comparison I have been at the trouble to make. I am, dear Sir,

Your's, very truly, P. N.

V.		S. I.
I. 15	—	1, 26
30	—	10,416
68	—	1, 42 15,153
76	—	8, 40
81	—	17,236
85	—	9,491 12,617
94	—	4,670
98	—	12,612
101	—	3,474 14,542
118	—	10,323
127	—	7,253
159	—	15,220
217	—	10,402
229	—	3,557
254	—	1,104 3,570
265	—	8, 61 13,672
289	—	3,601
319	—	16,442
341	—	1, 21
367	—	1, 24
403	—	7,468 15, 23
415	—	7,457 13,345
423	—	2,407
442	—	2,410
453	—	6,653
559	—	16,644
568	—	15,334
589	—	7,591
591	—	12,244
607	—	7,476
613	—	2,412
632	—	7, 90
699	—	11,267
729	—	1, 87
II. 6	—	2,650

V.		S. I.
II. 26	—	12,744
65	—	7, 39
98	—	7,264
204	—	5,191 2,584
210	—	6,220
222	—	5, 63
274	—	10,507
305	—	17,122
312	—	2,663 14,565
325	—	6,476
354	—	10,218
355	—	2, 36 2,363 2,654
361	—	5,420
360	—	9, 45
393	—	5,146
416	—	4,321 12,188
432	—	6,113
438	—	17,479
467	—	9,335
471	—	12, 6 17,447
475	—	17,448 12, 9 6,155
488	—	5,394 6,252
496	—	12,186
544	—	10,115 5,568
545	—	5,521
547	—	1,398 1,383 4,286
551	—	10,145
553	—	9,382
594	—	12,703
626	—	5,501
682	—	16,118

V.		S. I.
II. 723	—	4, 30
728	—	6, 58
763	—	13,351
790	—	13,648
794	—	13,651
III.203	—	3,554
272	—	1,290 15,303
288	—	15,491
350	—	13, 72
414	—	14, 11
420	—	14,254
527	—	15,157
529	—	1,597 1,517
555	—	5,395
571	—	3,652 12,141 14, 58
618	—	15,428
630	—	6,160
700	—	14,198
702	—	14,218
704	—	14, 25 14,208
IV. 6	—	12,574
24	—	6,488
41	—	1,215
63	—	1,121
124	—	2,416
135	—	5,147 16,358
166	—	6,283
173	—	4, 6
178	—	6,151
188	—	6,552
198	—	2, 59
209	—	12,628
246	—	1,202
249	—	4,741
300	—	4,776

V.		S. I.
IV.366	—	1,638 1,353 2,561
379	—	15, 57
425	—	6,504
431	—	6,447
457	—	1, 81
462	—	8,634
509	—	1, 91 1, 95 1,490
522	—	7,282
566	—	3,172
622	—	2,420
654	—	10,283
669	—	1,503
671	—	17,504
691	—	2,122 6, 11
692	—	7,727
494	—	8,50 sq.
V. 3	—	2,424
64	—	16,295
84	—	2,584
104	—	16,303
109	—	16,554
120	—	14,424
137	—	16,479
144	—	16,317*sq.* 8,279
148	—	16,314 16,397
158	—	16,380
206	—	17,281
222	—	16,417
250	—	15,429
251	—	7,137
260	—	5,320
284	—	16,456 16,568 16,291
286	—	16,457*sq.*

V.		S. I.
V. 305	—	16,301
310	—	16,447
318	—	16,333
319	—	10,11 15,569 16.481
320	—	16,346 16,489
324	—	16,376 16,491
327	—	16,517*sq.*
328	—	12,445
340	—	16,472
350	—	16,454
367	—	16,462
369	—	16,466
387	—	14,205
426	—	16,478 16,295
436	—	9,397
439	—	9,623
448	—	10,164
508	—	2,114 14,400
522	—	16,586*sq.*
527	—	1,358
556	—	16,524
567	—	16,348
583	—	4,315
662	—	4,681 17,96
718	—	14,45
721	—	15,180
752	—	6,352
806	—	1,45,51 4,662-6
810	—	9,484
816	—	3,410
848	—	10,355
VI. 13	—	12,89
14-9	—	12,85*sq.*
32	—	2,138 2,20

V.		S. I.
VI. 34	—	12,569
56	—	12,330
59	—	3,131
69	—	8,230
83	—	3,700*sq.*
90	—	2,595
153	—	13,404
157	—	8,208
164	—	1,440 1,157 1,597 1,165 4,169
165	—	7,605
171	—	14,374
176	—	10,524-36
177	—	15,387
199	—	16,56
235	—	3,440
237	—	12,120
239	—	6,147 6,158 12,120
243	—	1,119
249	—	13,429
250	—	10,429
255	—	6,179
260	—	13,442
273	—	13,579*sq.*
278	—	15,180
282	—	13,595*sq.*
285	—	13,587
295	—	13,571
305	—	13,438 13,757-61
322	—	13,767
340	—	13,705
341	—	13,450
358	—	4,585
401	—	3,35
426	—	13,547
436	—	13,605
458	—	8,105-11
476	—	13,704

V.		S. I.	V.		S. I.
VI.494	—	6,188	VI.667	—	13,778*sq.*
505	—	13,714	707	—	2,217
531	—	13,709	709	—	6,391
538	—	13,807	715	—	13,555
551	—	13,563 13,836	719-51	—	13,556-9
			795	—	8,408
560	—	13,832			3,614
570	—	13,611	805	—	15,80
577	—	3,483			17,647
598	—	13,839	827	—	13,861-7
616*sq.*	—	13,609*sq.*	840	—	15,291
625	—	4,525 9,340	843	—	7,106
			847	—	6,639
638	—	13,550	856	—	1,133
660	—	13,532	886	—	10,536
662	—	13,537	930	—	13,894

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THOMAS MOORE, ESQ. ON HIS IRISH MELODIES.

[From that work.]

"I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. While the composers of the continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment, we have left these treasures in a great degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period both of politics and music: and how much they are connected, in Ireland, at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early songs.—The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude, some minor third or flat seventh, which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal."

A REPLY TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE,
on the Subject of Fourcroy's Chemical Philosophy.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the Philosophical Magazine for November 1807, there is a report of the new edition of Fourcroy's "Chemical Philosophy," which, I conceive, it would be a disgrace to the taste and literature of the country to suffer to pass uncensured.

I have attentively perused the article in question, and must confess it was with much less disappointment than disgust, having been long accustomed to find the most valuable works miserably distorted, misunderstood, or at least shamefully misrepresented in the wretched publication which contains it. I firmly believe, that since the invidious attack of Zoilus upon Homer, a more illiberal or impotent effort was never made to detract from, or pervert, the sense of a work of distinguished merit, than in the present instance. Indeed so little does the report of the surly Caledonian resemble the work which he attempted to describe, that if he had not mentioned the title, no one who had ever read and understood the book could have supposed that he alluded to the work in question; and it may reasonably be doubted whether the Clyde Blacksmith himself, who forged the report, with all his known habits of blundering and misrepresenting, ever produced any thing more disingenuous, more incoherent, or more absurd. If the state of his mind, whilst he was bringing forth this unexpected production, were to be chemically accounted for, it might not improbably be suspected that his *cerebrum was supersaturated with the alcohol of oats, or juniper*, vulgò, drunk with whiskey or gin, which a certain *soi-disant* philosopher is said not to dislike. But lest it should be thought, that, like our able critic, I deal in vague generalities without example or proof, let me come to the critique in question.

"The celebrity of Mons. Fourcroy," says the compiler, "and the general merit of his Treatise on Chemical Philosophy, are more than sufficient to sanction a translation of it into English. Any work indeed by the man, not altogether undeservedly called *l'Orateur de Science* must merit attention. But as Philosophy acknowledges no master, no authority, but what exists in the nature of things, we may safely venture to examine and compare the contents of a small volume, which assumes the sounding title of Chemical Philosophy."

So far the writer's professions are not only unobjec-

tionable, but laudable, and worthy of a philosopher and critic: for

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

should be the motto of every rational being, who wishes to think for himself, and not to judge by proxy.

"But," the critic proceeds, "respect for the science constitutes it a duty to detect and expose any works which, under plausible titles, tend more to embarrass, perplex, and retard the progress of chemical science, than to facilitate the acquirement, extension, or elucidation of its principles."

To this maxim also, considered generally, I shall subscribe, and with so much the less hesitation, as the critic himself will supply us abundantly with opportunities of applying it much more aptly to his own absurd productions, than he does to Fourcroy's work.

"Without objecting," pursues our Zoïlus, "to Mr. Fourcroy's *implied* opinion, that a classification of the phenomena of nature and art constitutes "Chemical Philosophy," however vague and indefinite it may be, we cannot perceive either the justness or propriety of entitling a work "Chemical Philosophy," in which there is no notice of pneumatic Chemistry, no classification or description of the qualities and characters of gaseous bodies."

This passage contains two parts, which I shall consider separately. 1°. The critic asserts it to be the *implied* opinion of Fourcroy that a classification of the phenomena of nature and of art constitutes chemical philosophy. Here the term *implied opinion* is so far misapplied, that it is the express summary title of Art. VIII. page 57, of Fourcroy's Introduction, where he explains the order and plan, agreeably to which he has arranged the materials of his Chemical Philosophy, and which, if the critic had perused it with that attention which he admits the work deserves from every chemist, he would have found to express a sense very different from what he *chooses* to understand.

Fourcroy thus expresses himself in the article mentioned:—

"All the chemical phenomena of nature are reducible to four classes.

"In the first I rank all those which take place in the atmosphere. They constitute meteorological chemistry, and include an explanation of the temperature, of the composition and hygrometric state of the air, dews, fogs, snow, hail, lightning, thunder, &c; they are manifestly caused by chemical actions between air, caloric, light, water, and the electric fluid.

"In the second class I place the changes experienced by fossils or minerals, by their mutual contact, and by that of water, air, acid gases, accumulated caloric, &c.

"To the third class belong the phenomena of vegetation, or the changes observed in the life and death of vegetals, &c.

"The fourth class comprises the changes and phenomena observed in animals, &c.

"The result of my inquiry, after such an order as might facilitate the study of all these phenomena of nature, as well as those of art, has been to induce me to divide these phenomena into twelve principal classes, which might comprise all that is observed in nature, and all that is practised in the arts, in such a series, that the mind might proceed from the simple to the compound, from the general and principal ideas to the more complex."

The author then enumerates the *twelve sections* into which he has divided his Chemical Philosophy, according to his division of the phenomena of nature and of art into *twelve classes*; and this is the plain, obvious, precise, and only possible meaning of what the sagacious critic calls the *implied* opinion of Fourcroy, that a classification of the phenomena of nature and of art constitutes Chemical Philosophy. The author's plain meaning, in short, is, that his Chemical Philosophy is divided, constituted, or arranged into twelve sections, agreeably to the division which he has made of the phenomena of nature, and of art, into twelve classes. To understand it in any other sense is not to understand it at all, or to make it palpable nonsense; but to this nonsense, however vague and indefinite it may be, the critic says he does not object: and yet,

"2°. He cannot perceive the justness or propriety of entitling a work Chemical Philosophy, in which there is no notice of pneumetic chemistry, no classification, or description of the qualities and characters of gaseous bodies."

Notwithstanding the cavilling spirit which dictated this silly sentence, I could not, when I first read it, refrain from smiling. It reminded one of *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, in the play, who was much surprised to discover, at last, that he had been all his life speaking in prose without knowing it. He had never seen a book entitled *Prose*, and therefore did not know that he had ever read or heard any prose.

Zoile quid rides? mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.

This is precisely our sapient critic's case; the term "pneumatic chemistry" is not to be found in Fourcroy's work; and therefore the critic concludes that no notice is taken of the subject. The truth is, however, that the

whole work is pneumatic chemistry, and nothing but pneumatic chemistry. The critic, it seems, has yet to learn, that the denomination of *pneumatic*, as well as that of *antiphlogistic*, has been given to the modern system, not only to distingnish it from the *phlogistic* system of Stahl, which it has superseded, but particularly because the principal subjects of its operations and observations are *pneumatic* subjects; that is, gaseous or elastic aëriform fluids. The critic had heard the name of pneumatic chemistry; but having no distinct idea of its meaning, any more than Mons. de Pourceaugnac had of the word *prose*, and not finding the term in Fourcroy's book, he ingeniously concluded that the subject had been totally omitted. Let him, in some sober moment, revert to the third section of Fourcroy's work, on the nature and action of air, and he will find the doctrine of that section particularly and expressly applied to eudiometric processes, in which pneumatic chemistry strictly consists.

It is true, indeed, that the author has not written a distinct section on the classification or description of the qualities and characters of gaseous bodies, because it did not suit the plan of his work so to divide it; but, as far as these qualities and characters are well ascertained, he has enumerated them in another form: or if he had omitted any of importance to be known, it was the critic's duty to point them out, and supply the defect; otherwise, of what utility are such critics? They may, and do, embarrass, perplex, and mislead those who take them for their guides, instead of throwing any light on the subjects of their pursuits, or of "facilitating the acquirement, extension, or elucidation of the principles" of any science whatever.

Now, as the supposed omission of those essential articles of pneumatic chemistry, and the characters of gases, is the ground upon which the critic contests the author's right to entitle his work "Chemical Philosophy," that omission existing only in the critic's ignorance, or his disordered brain, he must, consistently with his own logic, fully admit the author's right to entitle his work as he has thought proper to do.

The last man in the world from whom such contemptible cavils about the title of Fourcroy's work could reasonably be expected is the compiler of the Philosophical Magazine, a compilation in which, as far as the compiler has any share in it, the title only excepted,

it would be loss of time to look for any thing like philosophy, candour, knowledge of his subject, liberality, or even grammar. Of this he will himself supply us with ample specimens; and let him speak for himself:—

"A number of general results," he says, "arranged in the form of corollaries, with some regard, indeed, to their general relations, should rather be denominated *a concise view of practical* chemistry, than the philosophy of chemical science. This error, however considerable, as it conveys a false idea of the nature and object of this treatise, we should not particularly notice, were it not followed by several others of a similar origin, but still more injurious to the general perspicuity and accuracy of our chemical knowledge."

How philosophically indulgent! He would not notice an error, however considerable, were it not followed by several others of a similar origin, &c. We may now expect to see some of Fourcroy's dangerous errors: hitherto we have seen no blunders but those of the critic himself. He will, then, undoubtedly present us with some specimens of the general perspicuity and accuracy of his own chemical knowledge.

"Fourcroy's errors," he says, "are the more extraordinary and the more dangerous *that* the author boasts of the numerous corrections and important additions which he has been enabled to make in this *third edition* (intended for publication), which he presumes, from the reception it has experienced in *all* enlightened countries, may be ranked with classic books."

Bravo! this bull is worthy of an honorary member of the R. I. A. &c. *Dignus es intrare.* Fourcroy speaks of the reception of the former editions of his work; but the judicious critic makes him speak of the manner in which the present (third) edition was received, before it existed or could be known. He carps at the word *all*, which he writes in Italics, and exultingly observes that no mention is made of the Dutch and Russians. He seems to be ignorant that every person in Holland capable of understanding a translation of Fourcroy's work is equally capable of understanding the original; and as to the Russians, whom he is pleased to consider as an enlightened people, after some cargoes of the critic's luminous publications shall have been imported and circulated amongst the Kalmucs, the Cossacks, the Kamschatchadales, the Koriacks, the Siberians, &c. they may hope to be

ranked amongst enlightened nations by the rest of the world.

But how are we to understand that "Fourcroy's errors are the more dangerous *that* the author boasts of the numerous corrections and important additions made to this third edition, and that it has been translated into eight languages before it existed in one.?" This sentence, no doubt, is to be considered as a specimen or a model of the perspicuity and accuracy of the critic's knowledge. It would, however, have lost nothing of its perspicuity or accuracy if he had condescended to explain to us by which of the three rules, which he lays down, we are to measure the danger of the author's errors, so as to enable us accurately to judge if the danger be increased. 1. By his boasting simply. We might then conclude that if he had not boasted, there would be no danger in his errors. But we might, in that case, be induced to ask with what propriety the epithet *boasting* is applied to the simple statement of a very simple fact? 2. Is the danger of Fourcroy's errors the greater *that* he has made numerous corrections and additions to his work? If this be the critic's meaning, we must infer from it, that if the author had made fewer corrections and less important additions to his work, the danger of his errors would have been diminished in the same proportion; and consequently, if he had made no corrections or additions whatever, every shadow of danger from his errors would totally disappear. Or, 3. Are the author's errors the more dangerous *that* his work has been translated into a greater number of languages, and in a direct proportion to that number? If so, we must infer from it that the danger of Fourcroy's errors is eight times greater *that* his book has been translated into eight languages, than if it had been translated into one only, and that these errors would be totally exempt from danger if the work had not been translated at all; consequently the translators are to be considered as accomplices, at least, in the mischief. So much for the critic's perspicuity and accuracy, to which qualities we cannot give our implicit assent, until the above doubts are satisfactorily dispelled. *S'il faut hurler avec les loups*, we may trifle with triflers.

Hitherto we have seen the critic principally skirmishing about the out-posts, and contesting the author's

title; and we are sorry that we cannot add, ***militavit non sine gloriâ.*** We shall now see him staggering on to the body of the work, and stumbling at the very threshhold. He tells us that

> **"The very first section of the author's Introduction consists of two propositions, neither of which is philosophically correct. The especial object of chemical philosophy, says Mr. Fourcroy, is, 1st, to apply the general theory of chemistry to the phenomena of nature and the operations of art, the cause and effects of which are entirely within the province of this science."**

Every man of common understanding and candour must clearly see, by this, that Fourcroy distinguishes the theory of chemistry from the application of it, and requires that the general theory of chemistry be well established, previously to its being applied to the phenomena of nature, or the operations of art; but this obvious and perspicuous sense presented the inverse meaning to the critic. Fourcroy, p. 4, art. 1, defines chemistry "a physical or natural science, the object of which is to determine, by *observation and experience*, what is the internal and reciprocal action of natural bodies, with respect to each other, and what are the results of this action."

Here, also, the author manifestly requires that the theory of chemistry should be preceded by, and founded upon, experience and observation; and, in page 50, where he treats of chemical operations or processes, he says, "they all require, in order to be properly performed, a peculiar art, and, above all, a scrupulous attention, an inexhaustible patience. Their results are useful or satisfactory only when they are undertaken and conducted without prejudice, prepossession, or levity. They must be repeated several times successively, and no fact announced until it has been not only attentively observed, but also examined in every point of view, and considered with all its relations to other analogous facts. In a word, the experimental art is one of the most difficult, if errors which may arise at every step are to be guarded against."

In several parts of his concise, but comprehensive and luminous, Introduction, Fourcroy reproaches ancient philosophers, and chemists generally, with having indulged in fanciful, preconceived, theories, without any regard to experience or practice; so that to charge him with having recommended a method of philosophising which he so repeatedly and so expressly condemns, is an inconsist-

ency which belongs to the critic exclusively. The author thus further expresses himself, page 20:—

"There are no hypotheses, no futile distinctions, no erroneous abstractions in the present ideas and language of chemists; and the clouds which formerly obscured this branch of science are totally dispelled; at the same time that the source of vague and interminable discussions is completely exhausted. The schools will no longer resound with the idle questions about primitive matter and its properties, of its unity or multiplicity; of the four, of the three, of the two, or of the only element; of the pretended relation of the elements to each other; of their transmutations or passages one into another. All these visions of a pretended *speculative* philosophy have vanished before the sunshine of facts discovered by experimental philosophy."

It certainly requires some ingenuity so grossly to misunderstand and pervert the sense of a doctrine so forcibly and perspicuously expressed, as to make the author say directly the reverse of what he really says. This ingenuity, however, we cannot deny the critic. He confidently assures us that the first proposition of Fourcroy is not philosophically correct; "that the application of the theory of chemistry to the phenomena of nature and the operations of art is certainly the inverse object of true chemical philosophy."

Sir Isaac Newton must, then, have been but a sorry philosopher. His mode of proceeding was precisely what Fourcroy requires and recommends. He first discovered and established, by observation and experience, the theory of gravity; thence proceeding upon the axiom, that similar effects are always produced by similar causes, he concluded that the theory of gravity, which he had discovered, would be equally true in France as in England, in America as in Europe. He went still further; he applied it to the whole body of the earth, to the moon, to the heavenly bodies generally, and finding that the terrestrial as well as the celestial phenomena agreed with his theory, he entitled the work in which he developes this application, Natural or Physical Philosophy, in the same manner as Fourcroy entitles the application of the theory of chemistry, previously founded on experience and observation, to the phenomena of nature and the operations of art, Chemical Philosophy.

The critic, however, declares that certainly such an application is the inverse object of true chemical philosophy; but takes care in the same breath to contradict himself, by adding that "since the days of Bacon true

chemical philosophy has been first to unfold the phenomena of nature, which exist and are cognizable independent [for independently] of all theory; and next, to develope the relations of these phenomena so that the observer may arrange them in classes, genera, and species, whence results a general theory."

From the doctrine of this last proposition I do not dissent; but it is as absurd as it is ridiculous to oppose it to Fourcroy, whose doctrine in substance and reality is absolutely the same; though the critic totally misunderstood and perverted it so as to make him say the direct contrary; and whether such perversions proceed from ignorance, intoxication, inattention, or design, the consequences are as dangerous to the incautious reader, whom they deceive and mislead, as they are injurious to the author, whom they calumniate and rob of his just fame.

The second proposition of the author, which the critic considers as philosophically incorrect, and which, he says, is remarkable for a copiousness of not the most appropriate terms, is, that "to shew the connections existing between these phenomena and their reciprocal influence upon each other, we must consider this philosophy as comprising the whole of the important discoveries made by chemistry." On this proposition of the author, the critic observes, that "the corrections" and the "reciprocal influence" of phenomena are not unfrequently identical terms, "and even the analogies of chemical bodies are often discovered or known only by their reciprocal influence upon each other."

The "connections" and "reciprocal influence" of phenomena are not unfrequently identical terms; but if they are not always and necessarily so, it is proper and necessary to distinguish them for greater accuracy, and to avoid confusion; but the truth is, that they never are; and while the relations of things, or rather the terms by which they are expressed, have any determinate meaning, it is impossible they ever should be identical terms; they express relations as essentially distinct as those of cause and effect, father and son, brother and sister, &c. The rope, by which a horse tows a boat upon a canal, is kept in a state of tension by the horse as well as by the boat; the two last have a reciprocal influence upon each other; the motion of the horse, by the interposition

of the rope, is retarded by the boat, while that of the boat is accelerated by the horse; but a man must differ little from a horse to say that the terms horse and boat are not unfrequently identical terms, or that the rope which forms the connection between them is ever identical with either or both: the knowledge of the one may lead to the discovery of the other, but the one can never be the other; and to call them identical terms is extremely unphilosophical, not to say extremely silly.

Any bungling scribbler might easily dub himself a critic, by perverting the sense and substituting his own crude notions for the ideas of any author, whether he understood him or not, and might for a moment make him appear completely ridiculous and absurd; but when the deception is detected and exposed, the intended ridicule and absurdity must recoil upon their real author, the self-created critic himself.

To form a lively emblem of a puny pigmy in literature and science, like the present *would-be* critic, displaying his agility and exhibiting his aukward gambols, in the presence of a man of Fourcroy's celebrity, we may represent to ourselves a frisky monkey jumping from the roof of a house upon the shoulders of a giant, and crying to a gazing multitude, "Admire me; I am above the giant!"

[*To be concluded.*]

ANTIDOTE TO LITTLE'S POEMS.

[*Resumed fiom p.* 110.]

THE next of Mr. Moore's poems is a little *Vers de Societé*, said to be "written in the blank leaf of a lady's common-place book;" the idea of them is manifestly borrowed from Walsh's "Epigram written in a Lady's Tablets."

The next is the song of "Away with this Pouting and Sadness." The general idea and style of this song is from a ballad by Concanen, whowas a hero in the Dunciad, beginning "I love you, by Heaven! what can I say more?" and as the author certainly had Walsh in his eye in the last poem, it is not improbable that he may have glanced

at that author's lines "to his Mistress, against Marriage," in the composition of this song. The indelicate hint, with which it concludes, may have been copied from the following humourous sophistry:—

"You shall be as virtuous to-morrow morning as e'er a nun in Europe."—*Roebuck to Lucinda.*—FARQUHAR, *Love and a Bottle.*

or perhaps from Pope's line in Eloisa to Abelard:—

"Nor wish'd an angel, whom I lov'd, a man."

"Παρθένος ἠματίη, νυχίη γυνή." MUSÆUS.

In the next trifle, Rosa is the only inconstant. The little poem is pretty, but its idea is as old as navigation. It is a first cousin to the commencement of Horace's "Quis multa gracilis." Sir Charles Sedley has something like it:—

"Phillis is my only joy,
"Faithless as the winds or seas."

In the next poem, however, it appears that Rosa had been rather separated from her lover, than unfavourable to him. This poem is in the author's best style, and the simile in the second couplet is really original.

The "Rondeau" which follows is nothing but a beautiful expansion of that well-known speech in Romeo and Juliet:—

"Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
"That I shall say 'good night,' till it be morrow."

The "Argument to any Phillis or Chloe," possesses all the sophistry for which the poet is so notorious, and shews him to have a very dull view of that Christianity he treats with such levity. The idea, such as it is, may have been taken from the following passage in the seventh of Ovid's second book of Elegies:—

"Atque ego peccati vellem mihi conscius essem:
"Æquo animo pœnam, qui meruere, ferunt."

or from the following trifle by Sir Charles Sedley:—

"Fair Amynta, art thou mad,
"To let the world in me
"Envy joys I never had,
"And censure them in thee?
"Fill'd with grief for what is past,
"Let us at length be wise;
"And to love's true enjoyments haste,
"Since we have paid the price."

In the poem "to Rosa, written during illness," we have all the earthly heaven of a voluptuary. Why do not amatory poets become Musselmens at once? The author, however, seems himself to be aware that Heaven is not quite a brothel, though in his ardour he may have called a brothel Heaven; for in one stanza he says—

> "Then, then my love! but drop the veil;
> "Hide, hide from Heav'n th' unholy flame."

The next poem is an "Anacreontique," a Bacchanalian one, and quite innocent when compared with the author's love ones. Its point is very poor, however, although the author has taken the liberty of arranging its materials just as he pleased. It is a point on his own tables, as a backgammon-player would call it. A friend of the writer's made a better pun upon the phrase, when he hinted that a team of horses toiling up a steep hill would be glad to "taste the luxury of WOH!"

Then follows another "Anacreontique," by which word, it seems, the translator of the Teian Bard understands only a Bacchanalian song. The allusion in the second stanza is very clumsy and imperfect.

The stanzas beginning "Oh, woman! if by simple wile," have much feeling; but their serious morality is not very congruous with their situation in a volume like this.

The author soon shakes off his morality, however, and the very next poem is against marriage, and reconciles this paradox with the valuable stanza that follows it:—

> "I should be too much her lover,
> "Ever to become her spouse.
>
> "Love will never bear enslaving,
> "Summer garments suit him best;
> "Bliss itself is not worth having,
> "If we're by compulsion blest." LITTLE.

> "Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
> "Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
> "* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
> "Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
> "No, make me mistress to the man I love;
> "If there be yet another name more free,
> "More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee." POPE.

The next poem deserves, as Benedick says, to be "hung up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign

of blind Cupid." It fully establishes the author's pretensions to the poet-laureatship of such a place.

The succeeding poem is rather in the Della Cruscan style, but, in comparison with the foregoing, is chastity itself.

The next is intended for what may be called epigrammatic burlesque; but our author has not the least humour, and there is a strange want of skill in so easy a composition. The laughing surprise, which should meet us in the last line, is completely frustrated in its purpose by the first line, and by the title itself, which have already begun to laugh.

The next is mere conceit. Time gathers the flowers which form Julia's crown in Heaven, Love gives them a fortune by sighing over them, and Pity acts the part of their wet-nurse with a good feed of dew.

The "*Elegiac* Stanzas" which follow, like all the rest in the volume, are in the *lyric* measure. Their composition is of about the pitch of a schoolboy. The fifth line is ludicrously feeble. That single idea in an old Scotch song is worth a hundred such stanzas: an unfortunate girl, wishing to be in her grave, exclaims—

> "An' oh! sae sound as I should sleep!"

The serious truth of these verses however, forms a good lesson for those who delight in the gay fiction of most of the rest. That they may be of as little service as possible, the author says, "This poem, and some others of the same pensive cast, we may suppose were the result of the *few* melancholy moments which a life so short and so pleasant as that of the author could have allowed.—E."

The next poem is an excellent encouragement to coquetry, and would be recommended to all our fair countrywomen after Addison's more important lessons in that art, were it not for an objectionable simile in the second stanza. The first stanza may have had an eye to a little poem of Chaulieu, ending:—

> "Mais, dans un plaisir extrême,
> "C'est un tourment sans égal,
> "De trouver, quand on vous aime,
> "Tout Paris, pour son rival."

This poem would be injurious enough in all conscience, were it not that its scenery,

> "The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed,"

does not "come home to every man's business and

bosom." The whole idea comes from that elegy of Tibullus, from which its motto is taken. It bears the closest resemblance, too, to Metastasio's Storm.

The next "Song" is mere ribaldry, without even the shadow of sentiment to recommend it.

In the lines "to a Sleeping Maid," the author makes use of the terms "guilt and shame," in their proper applications, with more freedom than should have been recommended to the consistency of the volume.

The next "Ballad" is in the author's best and purest style. If all his Poems were like this, there would have been no occasion for the present essays. The idea may have been from Ben Jonson's beautiful song, ending—

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
"Not so much honouring thee,
"As giving it a hope that there
"It could not withered be.
"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
"And sent'st it back to me;
"Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
"Not of itself, but thee."

The idea of the last stanza is from Angerianus;

"At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lachrymæ."

Thus imitated in Sheridan's "Lines, left in a Grotto";

"And thou, stony grot, in the arch may'st preserve
"Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
"And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve,
"As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you."

That Mr. Moore had read both these poems, is plain from a note to the 18th Ode of his Anacreon.

There are some ideas so hacknied that a man of talent should really be above adding to the list of their employers. Plato and Anacreon have the idea upon which the next bagatelle is founded, and from them Chaulieu, as well as Voiture, has imitated it. Petronius too has twice wrought up his descriptions with this idea, in one instance acknowledging the authority of Plato, by entitling the poem "Incerti ex Platone." The other instance, which is the only one that can with decency be quoted, follows,

"Transfudimus hinc, et hinc labellis
"Errantes animas."

Mr. Moore has caught more than the stiff gallantries of the French bagatellists in his version.

In the compliment "to a Lady on her Singing," there is more stiffness than real feeling.

"Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
"That comes to charm me into bliss."—LITTLE.

"—videar cœlo missus adesse tibi."—TIBULLUS.

"For oh, my Lesbia, sure that death is sweet,
"Which lovers in the fond contention meet."—JOHAN. SEC.

"I'll gaze and die—Who would not die,
"If death were half so sweet as this?"—LITTLE.

This is one of the most conceited of the author's conceits. Let the reader think what sort of a liquid that can be, which is formed of two dissolved hearts. For the simile of "ice melting before the sun," a friend, to whose learning the present writer's task is much indebted, says, vide any body.

The poem, "written in a Common-place-Book, called the Book of Follies," is evidently imitated from Swift's "Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-Book." The commencements are very similar: that of Swift's follows:—

"Peruse my leaves through ev'ry part,
"And think thou seest my owner's heart,
"Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
"As hard, as senseless, and as light."

Mr. Moore's conclusion of this poem, is awfully serious, and should be recommended to the perusal of the author's admirers. The similarity between the author's "book of life," and the Common-place Book, does not hold, however, where he addresses the volume,

"Like thine, its pages [his book of life], here and there,
"Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;

since the blots in the Common-place Book were most probably the results, not of "care," but of *carelessness.*

The puns at the conclusion of the "Impromptu," to a "*Mrs.*——" again, are the hacknied counters of every bookseller's shopman in the kingdom.

The detection of the following plagiarism will be a sufficient exposure of the next "Song:"—

"Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
"Bid me expire in luscious pain;
"But kiss me, kiss me while I die,
"And oh! I live again!
"Still my love, with looking kill,
"And oh! revive with kisses still."—LITTLE.

"Ergo quando oculis pereuntem me oscula sanant,
"Et mea in arbitrio vitaque morsque tuo est.
"Perde, neca, ut visum est; sed dum pereo, oscula junge,
"Sæpe ut sic vivam, sic volo sæpe mori."—BUCHANAN.

The conceit, called "The Tear," is pretty, but it is a conceit:—

——"This is a joyful trouble,
But yet, 'tis one."

Rosa is a sad runagate. She is now in love with an antiquary, we must suppose:—

"So Rosa turns her back on me,
"Thou, walking monument for thee."—LITTLE.

——"Some statue, you would swear,
"Walk'd from its pedestal, to take the air."—POPE.

The next trifle is beautiful and unexceptionable; but it is a mere echo of what the author had before said to Rosa, (p. 42.)

"You look so lovely in your tears,
"That I must bid you drop them still."—LITTLE.

"Sweet Sorrow, dress'd in such a look,
"As Love would trick to catch desire."
CHARLES COTTON, 1630.

"The lovely maid, still lovelier in her tears."—THOMSON.

Nor can any thing be said against the amatory morality of the next "Song." Mr. Moore had probably Gascoigne's (a poet of the Elizabethan age) Dole of Despair in his recollection when he composed it. The flow of the verse is much the same in both poems, and the following stanza bears too great a resemblance to its correspondent one in Moore's Poem to be the result of accident:—

"And canst thou now, thou cruel one,
"Condemn desert to deep despair?
"Is all thy promise *past* and gone?
"Is *faith* so fled into the air?
"If that be so, *what rests* for me?" &c.

[*To be resumed.*]

THE LIFE OF THE COMPANY.

[*Continued from p.* 36.]

THIS knack at universal information discovered itself in Mr. Allseer at a very early age. When at school, he was always the first to know what there was for dinner, and who was upon a visit to the family. It was Jack Allseer who always knew when the schoolmaster was going to town, and on what day the holidays commenced; and with him originated all those reports of the form, that the Bank was burnt down, or that the French had landed.

He acquired close intimacy with the servants of the school, with whom his tattle rendered him a mighty favorite; and he was the only boy who enjoyed the freedom of the kitchen. In short, after seven years spent more in the *house* than in the *school*, he returned home to his mother, with a great deal of information, but no knowledge, with much to say, but little to think.

When Mr. Allseer left school, I am wholly at a loss to know what became of him, and was never more surprised in my life, than when I met him last summer at a genteel boarding-house, in a fashionable watering-place. A boarding-house is the very element of such a being as Mr. Allseer. Here every one is judged from himself, and liked or disliked for himself alone. Let him but be agreeable, and appear respectable; and he may have stood in the pillory at Nottingham, or deserted a wife and family at Canterbury. In a boarding-house all are equals; and rank and character may be purchased for two guineas and a half per week. Mem. no questions asked. In short, a boarding-house is like Botany-bay, where all former distinctions are at an end, where the past is endeavoured to be completely forgotten, and where every one is free to acquire a new character.

I was considerably astonished the first day I dined with Mr. Allseer at this boarding-house to hear him keep up so well the literary turn which the conversation received from one of the ladies present, to hear him talk of "pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses"; but I soon found that the merest smattering which could be acquired from reading Walter Scott's poetry, and attending the lectures at the Royal Institution, was the total amount of Mr. Allseer's literature. His magazine-reading, was, however, more extensive; and he gained not a little credit with the ladies by his pretended access behind the curtain of literature: he knew the Editors of most of the Magazines, and the writers in many of the Reviews; and there were few of their correspondents' signatures, which he could not decipher. The ladies, whose reading seldom trespasses beyond this circle, set it down as an epoch in their lives, when they were told, that, the Monthly Mirror was edited by Mr. Allseer's intimate friend, Mr. Deboffe, and that the Cabinet which used to be conducted by his worthy friend Mr. Lechmore, was now in the hands of a Mr. Ford.

I was much amused during my residence in the same house with Mr. Allseer, to observe by what stratagems

he secured the lead in a conversation; and never was whist-player more anxious to keep a commanding card in his hand than Mr. Allseer to hinge one anecdote upon another. Thus, if he is talking about Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Thompson's name happens to be mentioned in the course of Mr. Johnson's anecdote, he will stop to bespeak a future anecdote of Mr. Thompson, whom he knows as well as he does Mr. Johnson; and I have actually seen him under engagements of this sort three or four deep, to the no small annoyance of any one, who is waiting to say a word in explanation, and who has another engagement in an hour's time.

After the character I have described, nobody will suppose a man of Mr. Allseer's lively genius, to be a *matter-of-fact-man*. No; he scorns the charge; and I confess I have not a little chuckled when I have heard him sporting an anecdote, which any one of his auditors knew to be false, or whispering an insinuation against a lady, who was a relation of one of the company, and an irreproachable character. Then to see with what dexterity Mr. Allseer twines himself out of the snare, by means of his "only peacemaker, an *if*." He never fails ultimately to attain this object, even though it should be upon the terms of Tattle in Love for Love, who to atone for having impeached the reputation of one lady, "sacrificed half a dozen more, and of the first quality too."

To sum up Mr. Allseer's character in one observation, the frivolous universally call him the *life* of the company, and the solid are rather inclined to think him the *death* of it.

EXCURSION IN DERBYSHIRE.

MR. EDITOR,

I have obtained a friend's permission to send you the following account of a little excursion in Derbyshire, provided you will make it known, that the letters which contain it are the mere effusions of the moment, and the results of only his own observation. The letters were addressed to me; and you will see that I have merely struck from them private allusions, and sent them untranscribed to you.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Feb. 16. 1809. M.

MY DEAR M. Derby, April 10, 1808.

I am very much obliged to you for your Letter, which

I will endeavour to pay you in coin. It was dated by you on the 8th, but appeared by the post-mark to have passed through official hands on the seventh: "your words say one thing, your looks another: which am I to believe?"* Miss Burney. I did not receive it till the 9th, because I was till then collecting materials for the descriptions, with which you will be troubled in the following letter.

I have already seen almost all that is worth the attention of the Derbyshire visitor. On Friday morning, I took the Manchester Coach from hence to Buxton, a distance of 33 miles, from which place I immediately drove to Castleton, 12 miles, the seat of the renowned Peak. A little way before you come to Castleton, however, I should mention, that I stopped at Speedwell Mine, a long passage through a rock which was cut in the frustrated hopes of discovering a profitable lead mine. The cutters of this passage when they had proceeded about 650 yards, discovered not a vein of ore, but a most stupendous cavern, with a resistless, and roaring cascade of water, continually rushing. The paper that is put into your hands, by the shewer of this wonder adds; "what is most astonishing, [is that] we have never found any bottom to this cavern, but all the rubbish we have cut out of the passage for 650 yards further than the gulf has been thrown into this surprising abyss, besides 16 tons every day for 7 years together; so that, according to all human understanding, it may be termed a BOTTOMLESS PIT." This cavern you will really believe to be most wonderful, when I tell you that I was infinitely more struck with the sublimity of Speedwell Mine than with all the sublime I have seen in Derbyshire. Its arch is high and rugged, and its waters fall with the noise of all the carriages of a birth-night rattling by together. Add to which, that all is dark, save "the dim religious light" which is cast by the tapers you bring with you, one of which, placed on high at the further end of the cavern, is the very loadstar of picturesque attraction. The passage to this cavern is by water, in a long kind of punt, nearly fitting the stream, which your conductor pushes along with his hands only. Notwithstanding you are compelled, on account of the lowness of the arch of this passage, continually to bear in mind Bellarius's in-

* By the bye, this speech and its reply, have been copied word for word, by Mrs. Inchbald's Simple Story.

struction, "how to adore the heavens," your row is by no means unpleasant. Four candles are, on your way thither, stuck at each corner of the vessel, and remind one in some degree of the description of a Venetian night's aquatic excursion: on your way back, one of these candles is stuck at the further end of the arched way, and so straight is the passage cut, that you can see the light glimmer fainter and fainter, while its reflection in the water elongates more and more, till you arrive at the mouth of the Mine again. On my way back too, my pleasure was farther increased by the musical voice of my conductor; he praised the effect of music in this passage, told me of Incledon's singing here, and of that of Bartleman and Greatorex, who were both natives of this county, and concluded with offering me a song himself, when he struck up Tom Bowling, with such vigour, taste and compass of voice, as I should have expected to meet no where but in a regular orchestra. I was enchanted; his voice was as loud as it was musical, and the echo was thrilling, without disturbing the melody; his falsetto was delicious, and all his notes good. As he had talked much of the effect of a band, I asked him to try a duet with me, when we performed, "How sweet in the Woodlands," in a style that would have softened every thing about us, but the hard rock through which we were passing. This rock, by the bye, was cut by blasts of gunpowder, the receptacles of which are visible. What these blasts are, I had an opportunity of discovering at the Peak, where you may have read that the stranger is always asked, if he "chooses a blast." I chose one; and found it, like that of anger through "the war-denouncing trumpet" in Collins's ode, "loud and dread." But I did not arrive at this blasting-place in the Peak through Speedwell Mine, though the cascade of that Mine does. No: well satisfied with Speedwell Mine and its vocal Cicerone, I proceeded in my chaise to Castleton, and here let me stop, as I did there, to view the magnificent entrance to that town, which is between two of the most romantic mountains I ever read of in Mrs. Radcliffe. In fact they are just what she is so fond of describing; overhanging, vast, stupendous and fertile; and wanted nothing but one of her bridges, and the sky of an Italian, instead of an English, setting sun, to consummate beauty. The Peak has been described over and over; so that I shall not detain you long at it. The old woman who finds the

candles is as like what I have conceived of Shakspeare's witches in Macbeth, as the entrance of the cavern where she meets you is like the place of action in the cauldron-scene. Had she but laid "her choppy finger on her skinny lip," I should certainly have gone through Macbeth's first speech, and made my conductor play Banquo. You know the whole process of Peak-visiting; the Ferry, the Chancel (where by the bye, I regretted the absence of my musical friend at Speedwell Mine, as I could get nobody to sing there, notwithstanding my present Conductor told me Castleton was a very musical place), Roger Rain's House, &c. &c. Suffice it to say that the guide is a very well informed man; and that I had lights placed in all the most picturesque places, and realized the sublimity of Milton's lamp "in some high lonely tower," as often as possible; but after all the Peak did not strike me as Speedwell Mine did. Of the blast, I have told you.—By a beautiful moonlight evening, I returned to Buxton: the effect of Castleton entrance, if it was before grand, was now pathetic; and I could not help, Corinna-like, indulging in an extemporaneous apostrophe to the moon, in which it obtained the decided preference over the sun, the former being characterized as delightful, while the latter is rather useful, the one witnessing our labours, and the other our relaxations. In short, I agree with Octavian, and all other lunatics, that the sun ought to be put down; and "hide me from day's garish eye," is now my motto.

You are in for two sheets, that I see, as Cowper says; would that my letters were as well worth the cost of two sheets, as Cowper's were!

At Buxton I slept on Friday, and early in the morning set out about a mile from thence to visit Pool's Hole, another stupendous cavern. There is nothing very remarkable in this cavern, but its extreme length and variety; now you can hardly creep under it, and presently it spreads an ample dome over your head! Its floor is nearly as unequal and rugged as its roof, and its access is more difficult, than any thing I have scrambled over, since the craggy rocks at Hastings. This cavern is famous for its petrifactions, which are remarkably large and wonderful; they are formed solely by the drippings through the rocks, which are, like Roger Rain at the Peak, ceaseless, they are like Dryden's "hind," "immortal," but not like that "unchang'd;" here they re-

semble the lookers-back down the hill, in the Arabian Nights, or the busts of Medusa's head; they are turn'd into stone. The parts of these petrifactions (which look like the wens of Giants) that are immediately undergoing the dripping, have a white and greasy appearance. This Pool, whole Hole is so intricate, labarynthian, and long, was, according to tradition, a formidable robber in these parts; and you are carefully shown a large shelving rock in the Cave, called his Shelf, on which he is said to have put his bread and cheese, and a recess called his Chamber. Every thing belonging to him, like all traditionary relicks, the Guy of Warwick, of your neighbourhood and Warwick Castle, &c. is of the vast order, and totally different from the modern *Pool* measure.

I had barely time to view Buxton, and to breakfast, before the Manchester Coach called for me on its return through Derby, where I was anxious to be by Saturday at three o'clock.

Buxton is a dreary place. For ten miles round a tree is as great a rarity as Dr. Johnson would persuade us it is in Scotland. The country is mountainous and bleak; and how it became fashionable, is to me as great a mystery as the Bottomless Pit at Speedwell. The crescent, built and let out by the Duke of Devonshire, is a handsome edifice, and is backed by a good mews. It may be very gay when filled with company, but it is mighty stupid without; however I saw it without the presence of **** ****. Matlock, 23 miles off, is, I am told, by far the finer country. The new bath at Buxton I saw; the water is mineral; but the wells, alas! alas! I had not time to visit them. I was so anxious, like the Scotchman and the fleas, to take the distant, that I left the near; as Dr. Johnson would say, I was so intent upon approximating the remote, that I had not time to attend to the propinquitous. The guard of the Manchester coach was almost blowing his horn to depart, when I ran down to take a second view of the crescent, and have not, to this moment, walked under its piazzas, where the well is situated. For my consolation, however, the coachman told me (for it was so beautiful a day that I travelled on the box), that the water was of the finest taste in England! I had almost began to wish I had seen the Peak at its owner, before I had visited it; and was confirmed in my dissatisfaction with it upon hearing

the guard talk of having seen the new Manchester theatre in full splendor the night before; a sight I might witnessed too, if I had not gone to Castleton, for Manchester is but 34 miles from Buxton, and he was the guard that accompanied me thither. This was his mite of consolation: however, if I had gone to *M*anchester, I should have longed to go on to *L*iverpool. If, in going forwards through the alphabet, when you say A, you must go on to B; in going backwards, I suppose that when you come to *M*, you must go on to *L*.

I must not conclude my letter without saying a word or two about the place of its date. Of Derby I have not yet seen so much as I shall see, upon my old principle of carelessness about the accessible. I can tell you, however, that it is a neat, rather than a handsome, town. All-Saints' church is a rich structure, and has furnished somebody with materials for a poem with that title, which I have seen only in the shop-windows of this town. Its Tower is no doubt looking forward to an ascent by me. There are three or four lesser churches in the town, of short square turrets, and about as many bridges over the narrow ditch that runs through it. The houses are all as red as an old woman's cloak; *apropos*, the women of this place are all alike; there is a cast of feature from which not one presumes to deviate; it is most wonderful; one woman here is as like another as one sheep; the circumstance almost added *me* to the list of Derbyshire petrifactions. Like the traveller who said that all the women of a certain town in Spain had red hair because he met with one, only with better grounds for the assertion, I aver that the women of Derbyshire have long, wizen,—Derbyshire, faces.

I am, &c. &c. &c.

[*To be concluded.*]

A CRITIQUE ON THE SONG OF "BILLY TAYLOR."

"Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri:
"Telephus ac Peleus, quum pauper et exul uterque
"Projicit ampullas ac sesquipedalia verba
"Si curat cor spectantis, tetigisse querelâ."

HOR. Ars Poet.

I hope that I shall not appear to degrade the office of criticism by making a ballad the subject of it, especially

since that now before me is of so excellent a nature. If it is objected to, I must shelter myself under the authority of Addison, who has written a critique on Chevy-Chace, to which, I venture to affirm, this ballad is infinitely superior. That I may not appear too presumptuous in my assertion, let us proceed to the examination of this justly celebrated poem. I call it a poem—I had almost called it an epic, seeing it has a beginning, middle and end: the action is one, namely the death of the hero Taylor: it is replete with character, and full of sentiments, not delivered with the laboured declamation of Lucan, but suggested by incidents the most interesting and touching. Let us first examine it verse by verse. The author has no tedious prelude, not even an invocation; but, like Homer, immediately enters into the middle of his subject, and in a few words gives us the name, character and amour of his hero. Observe the gaiety of the opening:—

" Billy Taylor was a brisk young feller,
" Full on mirth and full on glee."

How admirably how judiciously is this jocund beginning contrasted with the melancholy sequel! how affecting to the reader's feelings when he reflects how soon Billy's joy will be damped! Unhappy Taylor!—Let us proceed to the next lines:—

" And his mind he did diskiver
" To a lady fair and free."

Taylor was a bold youth; he feared not to tell his mind to the lady; he did not stand shilly-shally, like a whimpering lover. But we are here presented with a new character, a lady fair and free. Some commentators have thought that she was a lady of easy virtue, from the epithet free; and indeed the violence of her love and jealousy seems to favour the suspicion: but let us not be too severe; free may signify no more than that she was of a cheerful disposition, and thus of the same temper with her lover: concordes animæ! Thus far all is pleasant and delightful; but the scene is now changed,—and sorrow succeeds to joy.

" Four and twenty brisk young fellers,
" Drest they vas in rich array,
" They kim and they seized Billy Taylor
" Press'd he vas, and sent to sea."

Taylor, the brisk, the mirthful Taylor is pressed and sent to sea. I cannot help observing here the art of the poet in letting us into the condition of Taylor; we may

guess from his being pressed that he was not free of the city, and was most likely a journeyman-cobler, coblers being famous for their glee. I will not positively say he was a cobler: Scaliger thinks he was a lamp-lighter; "adhuc sub judice lis est." But to proceed—Taylor is on board-ship: what does his true-love?

"His true-love she followed arter.
"Under the name of Richard Car:
"And her hands were all bedaubed
"With the nasty pitch and tar."

Many ladies would have comforted themselves with other lovers; not so Billy's mistress; she follows him; she enters the ship under the name of Richard Car. She condescends to daub her lilly-white hands with the pitch and tar. What excessive love, and how ill rewarded! I have two things to remark here. 1. Her disregard of herself in daubing her hands. When I consider a lady in Juvenal who did the same, I am led to think she was Billy's mistress. But then Billy disregards her; this makes me think again she was his wife. Yet perhaps not; Billy had now got another mistress. 2. The second observation is upon the name she assumes, Richard Car. Commentators are much divided upon this head; why she chose that name in preference to any other. I must confess they talk rather silly on this topic; I conjecture the name was given here because it was a good rhyme to tar: this is no mean or inconsiderable reason, as the poets will all testify. But let the reader decide this at his leisure; let us now proceed:—

"An engagement came on the very next morning:
"Bold she fit among the rest:
"The wind aside did blow her jacket,
"And diskivered her lilly-white breast."

Here was a trial for the lady: but she sustained it; she fought boldly, fought like a man. But mark the sequel; the wind blows aside her jacket; her lilly-white breast is exposed to the lawless gaze of the sailors! Here was a sight! no doubt it inspired them with double valour and gained them a victory; for they certainly were victorious, though the poet judiciously passes over this inferior topic, and hastens to his main subject.

The captain gains intelligence of her heroism, or, in the musical simplicity of the original, "kims for to know it:" with honest bluntness he exclaims, "Vat vind has blown you to me?" The character of the sea-

captain is well supported: he does not say, "how came you here?" but in the characteristic language of his profession, "vat vind has blown you to me?" The classical reader will be pleased also with the similarity this expression bears to a passage in the Æneid; it is in the speech of Andromache to Æneas on a like occasion of surprise:

> "Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quæ fata dedere?
> "Aut quisquam ignarum nostris Deus appulit oris?"

It must be confessed, that the Latin is more pompous, perhaps more elegant; but what it gains in refinement, it loses in simplicity. The chief thing however to be remarked is, that the same language always suggests itself on the same occasions. But let us attend to the lady's answer:

> "Kind sir: I be kim for to seek my true-love,
> "Vhom you press'd and sent to sea."

The pathos of this speech is inimitable. Observe with what art, or rather with what nature, it is worked up, so as to interest the feelings of the captain. First let us take a view of the speaker; a woman, and her breast diskivered: she begins with, "Kind sir," which shews the gentleness of her disposition, and that she forgave the captain though he had pressed her true-love: she proceeds, "I be kim for to seek my true-love:" who could resist this affecting narration? A lady braving the dangers of the sea and an engagement, to seek her true-love! The last line has suggested to the commentators that the captain had headed the press-gang himself. This is a matter of too much consequence for me to decide. But what effect has the speech on the rugged nerves of the captain? All that could be expected and desired. He breaks out—observe the art of the poet!—no frigid preface of "he said," "he exclaimed," but, like Homer, he gives us the speech at once—

> "If you be kim for to seek your true-love,
> "He from the ship is gone avay;
> "And you'll find him in London streets, ma'am,
> "Valking vith his lady gay."

The captain's feelings are taken by storm; he makes a full discovery of the retreat of the youth, and the company in which he is to be found. Some have thought it very odd that the captain should be so well informed of Billy's retreat and company; and are of opinion that

he connived at it: but the captain might, from his knowledge of human nature, and especially of sailors' nature, guess where and in what company Billy would be. Let not then the honest tar be condemned. As the poet has put down none, we may suppose the lady to be too much oppressed to make any answer to a speech so cutting and afflicting. Overwhelmed with anger, jealousy, and desire of revenge, she could not speak. Admirable poet, who so well knew nature! "parvæ curæ loquuntur, ingentes silent:" and is not this silence more eloquent, more expressive, nay more awful, than all the angry words that could have been uttered? It is the silence before the tempest: the awful stillness of revenge and death.

"She rose up early in the morning,
"Long before 'twas break of day."

Mark the impatience of revenge! she will not even wait till day-break; she gets (as we may suppose, though it is not declared,) leave of absence, and goes on shore,

"And she found false Billy Taylor,
"Valking vith his lady gay."

Infamous Billy Taylor! while your mistress was braving for you the dangers of the ocean, you were revelling in the arms of another! But your hour is come!—The character of Billy is inimitably well supported throughout, or, as Horace says,—

"Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat."

'Tis true, he deserts his mistress; but 'tis for a lady of similar disposition; it is a lady *gay* with whom he walks: thus though he is false, he shews himself *full of mirth*; he is still Billy Taylor. Mark the artifice of the poet! Like Virgil who drops the epithet "pious" on a similar occasion, the poet here calls Billy by the appropriate epithet "false." There is an elegance and simplicity perfectly Homeric in the repetition of the line, "Valking with his lady gay."

"Strait she call'd for swords and pistols,
"Brought they vas at her command."

Let not the sceptical reader sneer, and ask where she got, or who brought the swords and pistols. Some kind deity willing to assist the purposes of her just revenge interposed, and brought her arms. Surely Horace would allow that this was "dignus vindice nodus." But to proceed:—

"She fell on shooting Billy Taylor
"Vith his lady in his hand."

Here is an interesting incident! here a melancholy subject! what a scene for a picture! On one side, a lady impelled by jealousy with a discharged pistol in her hand, and a face expressive of the triumph of revenge; on the other, Billy Taylor, stretched on the cold ground, with his hand in that of his lady, now we may suppose no longer gay, and perhaps weeping! [Observe, Billy died in the situation in which Tibullus wished to die: he held his mistress, "deficiente manu."] O! come here all ye young men! ye Billy Taylors, for the world is full of you! ye deserters of true-lovers, ye walkers with ladies gay, come here and contemplate! Taylor who a few days before was gay like you, is now alas "dead, gone dead," or, to use the pathetic and expressive language of Falstaff—who by the bye, was like Billy a gay deceiver—is now no better than a "shotten herring!"

> "When the captain he kim for to know it;
> "He very much applauded her for what she had done."

From this passage, some have taken occasion to accuse the captain of a connivance with Billy's escape and connexion with a lady gay, that he might enjoy Billy's first mistress. But surely this is unfounded: the captain saw this mistress of Billy's by chance alone; and could not therefore be supposed to have a longing for a lady whom he had never seen till Billy had left the ship. Some have also accused the captain of cruelty, for applauding the lady for killing her lover. But these are unfounded and calumnious charges: it was a love of justice which induced the captain to applaud her: not that I positively say, that he might not also be swayed by the lady's beauty. The vehemence of the captain's applause is admirably displayed by the quantity of dactyls in the second line of this stanza. Let us proceed:—

> "And he made her first lieutenant
> "Of the valiant Thunder-bomb."

Many are shocked at the apparent indifference of the lady; and foolishly condemn the poet for inconsistency. Such ignorant critics know nothing of the matter. Our poet, who is the poet of nature, did not mean to draw a perfect character, a "sine labe monstrum," but, like Homer and Euripides, which latter he greatly resembles in his tenderness of expression, draws men and women such as they are. Still there is another objection started:

how could a woman be made a lieutenant? It must be confessed that though such things are not entirely unprecedented, that they are very singular: some have therefore thought this a decent allegory of the poet to express that she was the captain's chief-mistress, his sultana; and we must remember that she was a free lady, and after the murder she had committed glad of the *protection* of a captain. I hope the ladies will not be offended at this interpretation, and, since a recent enquiry, will pardon me the expression that conveys it.

It remains now to say something concerning the sentiments, characters, incidents, moral, and diction, of the poem, and, πρωτων απο πρωτων, let us speak of the sentiments. These, as I observed before, are not like Lucan's, obtruded upon the reader, but suggested by incidents. For instance, does not the circumstance of the lady's going to sea after her true-love suggest more than the most laboured declamation on the force of love? When the captain is melted by the pathetic address, and lilly-white breast of the lady, is it not clearly and expressively intimated how great is the power of weeping beauty pleading in a good cause, over even the boisterous nature of a sailor? Again, when the lady shoots Billy Taylor, what a fine sentiment is to be discovered here of the power of jealousy? and in the death of Billy contrasted with his former gaiety, who is there whose soul is of so iron a mould as not to be touched by the implied sentiment of the short-livedness of human pleasure and enjoyment, when even the gay Taylor is overtaken by fate? This is a most masterly piece of nature; and I venture to pronounce that the man who is uninterested by it must have been born on Caucasus and nursed by she-wolves. I come now to the characters; and here it is that the chief art of the poet is displayed. It is wonderful to observe how many and how different characters are to be found in this short poem. To say nothing of the four and twenty "fellers" who are admirably characterized by the epithet "brisk;" we have the mirthful Taylor and the rugged sea-captain, the lady fair and free, and the lady gay. It may be objected that there is too great a sameness in the female characters: but no; the lady fair and free is brave and revengeful; the lady gay is simply gay, a mere insipid character, and introduced by the poet no doubt as a contrast to the turbulent and busy character of the other lady. The bois-

terous captain is a well-drawn and well-supported character. He is rugged, honest, blunt, illiterate and gallant. But it is the character of the hero Taylor, which is drawn and sustained with the most art and nature. In the first place he is brave, although some have contradicted this, by saying that he did not go to sea voluntarily but was pressed, and then run away the night before the engagement. But I will not believe he was a coward: no; let the critics remember that Ulysses did not go voluntarily to the Trojan war, and was always willing to escape when he could; and yet surely he was a hero.—Thus have I proved the bravery of Taylor. He had also other requisites for a hero; he was amorous, like Achilles and Æneas, and he deserted his love like the same Æneas. Then he was brisk and gay. I do not remember any hero exactly of this character. To be sure, Achilles laughs once in the Iliad, and Æneas in the Æneid; but it does not appear to have been the general character of either of them, and especially of the latter, who was a whimpering sort of hero. It does not appear that Taylor resembled Æneas in piety; but that is a silly kind of antiquated virtue, of which heroes of modern days would be ashamed, and which our poet has most judiciously omitted in the catalogue of Billy's qualities. Again, he resembles the heroes of antiquity in his untimely end, and in the cause of it—a woman. Thus Achilles was shot in the heel; Ulysses was killed, though not very prematurely, by his son; Æneas was drowned like a dog in a ditch; and Alexander was poisoned. Then as to the cause: Samson (though to be sure the polite reader will call that fabulous, and think me a fool for quoting such an old wife's tale) owed his death to a woman; Agamemnon was even killed by a woman; Hippolitus lost his life by a woman; so did Bellerephon; and Antony lost the world and his life too by a woman. Upon the whole Billy's is a mixed sort of character, composed of good and bad qualities, in which, according to the established character of heroes, the bad predominate. Thus, in the character of Achilles, it would be difficult to find a single good quality: he is "impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," and a great deal more of the same sort. Æneas is indeed pious; but then he is a perfidious deserter of an injured lady; he invades a country where he has no right, and kills the man who has the audacity to oppose the usurper of his own

throne, and the ravisher of his own wife. And as to Alexander, he was a mere brute: he overthrew cities, as children overthrow houses made of cards, for his meer amusement; and, like the same children, wept when he had no more to knock down: he killed some millions of men, for the same reason that country 'squires shoot swallows, for exercise, and because they have nothing else to do: and, in the time of peace and conviviality, he slew two of his best friends, merely to keep his hand in practice. Compared to these heroes, Billy is a perfect saint: and indeed I have often thought that he is too good for a hero; and that a few rapes, and thefts, and murders, would have made a very proper and interesting addition to his character. As to the incidents, I shall merely observe that they are numerous, well-chosen, interesting, and natural. Let me next speak of the moral to be drawn from the poem. Whether the poet, according to Bossu's rule, and Homer's and Æsop's practice, chose the moral first, I cannot pretend to say, though some, who resolve the whole poem into an allegory, favour that opinion. Certain it is, the moral is excellent, the ill effects of inconstancy; and I am sure the fair sex will be obliged to the poet's gallantry. There are also some of what I may call collateral truths to be derived from the poem; such as not to trust too much to prosperity, exemplified in the mirth and downfall of Taylor; and the reward of virtue, in the lady's being made a first lieutenant. I shall conclude with a few remarks on the diction, or, to speak metaphorically, the dress in which the story is clothed. It has all the requisites of a good style; it is concise, perspicuous, simple, and occasionally sublime. The poetry is not of that tumid nature which Pindar uses, but of the graceful simplicity of Homer's verse. The poet has diversified the language by the intermixture of the Doric dialect, in imitation of the Greek tragedians; of this kind are the expressions, *vat vind, diskivered, I be kim,* and *for to know.* But what strikes me most is, the solemn, mournful, and pathetic beauty of the chorus, *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido.* The Αι, αι, and φευ, φευ, of Euripides and Sophocles, the ε ε ε ε and οτο το τοι τοτοι of Æschylus, are comparatively frigid and tasteless. Yes; this *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido* is so exquisitely tender, and so musically melancholy, that I dare affirm, that the mind and ear that are not sensibly affected with it, are barbarous, tasteless, and incapable of relishing beauty or harmony. Thus ends my criticism.

HOMER.

MR. EDITOR,

Can you, or any of your learned correspondents, inform me, why the phrase of βοην αγαθος, which is applied by Homer to Menelaus, is constantly interpreted by the commentators, *loud in voice?* I do not mean to dispute that a loudness of vice *might* have been deemed a great excellence in those times, as has been asserted, I think, by Pope: for though it is not reckoned a very gentlemanly qualification now-a-days, we all know that Homer's warriors were a very uncouth sort of gentlemen. It must be allowed too, that the word αγαθος may imply excellence of any kind:—but of βοην, I have some doubts whether it has been rightly interpreted. By referring to the lexicons, it would seem rather to signify a *confusion*, or *clamour* of many, than the individual *voice* of one, and in its consequential sense certainly signifies a battle. I am therefore humbly of opinion, that the phrase should be translated *brave*, or *skilful, in battle.* I should observe likewise, that Ajax, Diomed, and above all Stentor, are dignified with this same excellence of voice, but never, I believe, is this same phrase applied to either of them. We read of Stentor,

Ος τοσον αυδησασχ' οσον αλλοι πεντηκόνυα,

but never of the βοην αγαθος of Stentor. The phrase, to be sure, applied to Ajax, would not suit the metre of Homer; but then βοην αγαθος Διομηδης would scan just as well as βοην αγαθος Μενελαος.

For my own part, I have always been dissatisfied with the present translation, but should never have presumed to trouble you with my opinion, were I not countenanced by the authority of the learned Benedictus, who in his notes on Pindar has quoted the above phrase from Homer, and explained it *ad pugnam strenuus.*

Begging pardon, Mr. Editor, of you and your readers for this intrusion, I am your very humble servant,

HOMERICUS.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

" Vir bonus ac prudens versus reprendet inertes ;
" Culpabit duros ; incomptis adlinet atrum
" Transverso calamo signum ; ambitiosa recidet
" Ornamenta ; parum claris lucem dare coget ;
" Arguet ambiguè dictum ; mutanda notabit ;
" Fiet Aristarchus ; non dicet, cur ego amicum
" Offendam in nugis ? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
" In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistrè."

HOR. *Ars Poet.*

SEYMOUR, LORD CHEDWORTH, PYE, AND DOUCE, ON SHAKSPEARE.

[*Continued from p.* 141.]

The readers of Shakspeare are not unacquainted with the name of Douce, as an illustrator of that poet. Such of his notes as they have hitherto seen, like those they will now see, present them rather with the researches of the antiquary, than with the comments of the man of genius ; and the name of Douce is found oftener the supporter of another's opinions than the hazarder of its own. The labours of an annotator of Shakspeare like Mr. Douce, however, if they are calculated to reflect less lustre on himself, throw more upon his author than all the fanciful reveries of a Warburton, or the elegant futilities of a Johnson. Of the insufficiency of genius alone to make a commentator, or rather of the obstruction of mere genius to useful annotation, to leave Warburton (as he almost always, when Shakspeare is the topic, deserves to be left) out of the question, Pope and Johnson are striking instances. The former, indeed, utterly despised what he called " the dull duty of an editor;" and the latter, though he was aware of the imperiousness of that duty, and even defended its dignity, was much too indolent to perform it. Steevens, on the other hand, with less genius, but greater erudition, has done more for Shakspeare than any other commentator on record ; and Malone, and, we may now add, the author of the volumes before us, have, by little else than mere dint of reading, entitled themselves to the most liberal acknowledgment of those admirers of Shakspeare,

who can afford neither time nor money for an employment at once so laborious and so expensive.

The present work fills the whole of its first volume, and the half of its second, with illustrative notes on the plays of Shakspeare, taken in the order in which they are placed in the last edition Mr. Steevens published, in 1793, to the volumes and pages of which Mr. Douce's notes refer; but we think that, as Mr. Douce has in general taken into consideration every thing that has been written upon his author down to Mr. Reed's last edition of Steevens's Shakspeare in 1803, the references had better have been made to the volumes and pages of that edition. This remark will equally apply to the volumes of Lord Chedworth and Mr. Pye. The remaining half-volume of Mr. Douce's work is occupied with a complete Statement of the various Anachronisms of Shakspeare, a Dissertation on his Clowns and Fools, characters to which Mr. Douce seems to have paid particular attention, and upon which, at the close of his notes on each play, he enters very minutely, a Dissertation on that well-known Shakspeare-book, the Gesta Romanorum, and a Dissertation on that well-known Shakspeare-allusion, the old English Morris-Dance.

We shall say a few words on each of these branches of Mr. Douce's work, and know of no reason for deviating from the order in which we find them.

I. Of the present Illustrations of Shakspeare, Mr. Douce informs us "that accident had given birth to a considerable portion, and that design supplied the rest." "The late Mr. Steevens," he adds, "had already, in a manner too careless for his own reputation, and abundantly too favourable to his friend, presented to public view such of the author's remarks as were solely put together [put together solely] for the private use and consideration of that able critic. The former wish of their compiler has, with the present opportunity, been accomplished; that is, some of them [have been] withdrawn and others, it is hoped, rendered less exceptionable." For the task of assisting such a commentator as Steevens, Mr. Douce was eminently qualified: let the former find a meaning, and the latter was generally ready with a quotation, either in support, or in refutation, of that meaning; and, as we have already hinted, it is rather as an umpire between other commentators, than as a party himself, that Mr. Douce appears on the pre-

sent occasion; he assists Shakspeare, but it is by assisting the commentators of Shakspeare; he does not add a new glass to the telescope, he merely clears the dust from those which are already there. Mr. Douce's work, however, is very well entitled to the name of "*Illustrations*" of Shakspeare: our illustrator spares neither industry nor expense in setting his author's language in its proper light: his private collection must be in itself a mine of no ordinary extent, and the remotest recesses of the British Museum seem to be perfectly familiar to him; add to this that the most liberal extracts from scarce books, and copies of unique prints, which may tend in any degree to elucidate his subject, are cheerfully drawn from the collector's closet, and augmented in their real, though decreased in their imaginary, value.

But though the general character of Mr. Douce's annotation is that of the corroborative, he has several times indulged in original conjecture, and has in two instances even deviated into ingenious emendations of his author's text. With an account of these rarities, we shall commence our analysis of this department of his work, proceeding next to such of his notes as are original, then to the few that are useless, and lastly to those upon whose subjects we are able to throw any additional light.

1. Mr. Douce's emendations of his author are a very few, but a "happy few." The first we have noticed occurs in his first volume, p. 106, and cannot be better told than in his own words.

"*Twelfth Night*, Act IV. Scene 1.

"*Clown.*—I am afraid this great *lubber, the world*, will prove a cockney."

"A typographical corruption seems to have crept into this place from similitude of sound, but a very slight alteration will restore the sense. The clown is speaking of *vent* as an affected word; and we should therefore read "this great *lubberly word* will prove a cockney," i. e. will turn out to be cockney-language."

Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the original passage here is, "I am afraid affectation and foppery will overspread the world." We shall not presume to decide upon Mr. Douce's emendation, which we quote merely for the sake of its ingenuity. In Mr. Douce's next alteration of his author's received language, we coincide. It occurs in that beautiful passage of Cymbeline, where

Arviragus, in lamenting the death of Fidele, makes use of these words :—

> " ——the ruddock would,
> With charitable bill, bring thee all this ;
> Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none
> To *winter-ground* thy corse."

" With respect to *winter-ground*," says Mr. Douce, " until some other example of the use of this word be produced, there will be no impropriety in offering a substitute in *winter-green;* that is, " to preserve thy tomb green with moss in the winter season, when there will be no flowers wherewith to deck it." Such a verb might have been suggested to Shakspeare, who often coins in this way, by the plant *winter-green,* the *pyrola.*"—Vol. II. p. 108.

This emendation has every thing, which an alteration of Shakspeare's text ought to have, to recommend it: it is inconsiderable in point of variation, and considerable in point of sense.

2. We have not room to quote half of such of Mr. Douce's notes which we had marked as affording original interpretations, although they are by no means so numerous as those that adduce proofs of interpretations before discovered. The following, however, will afford ample specimens of Mr. Douce's reading and judgment.

" *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Scene 4.

" *Sir Toby Belch.*—Come, we'll have him in a *dark room*, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is *mad.*"

" *Ib.* Act IV. Scene 2.

" *Clown.*—Say'st thou that *house* is dark ?"

" The reason for putting Malvolio into a *dark room* was to make *him* believe that he was *mad*; for a *mad-house* seems formerly to have been called a *dark-house.* In the next Act, Malvolio says, " Good Sir Topas, do not think I am *mad*; they have laid me here in *hideous darkness.*" And again, " I say this house is *dark.*" In Act V. he asks " Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, kept in a *dark-house ?*" In *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 1. Rosalind says that " Love is a *madness*, and deserves as well a *dark-house* and a whip, as madmen do." Edward Blount, in the second dedication to his *Hospitall of Incurable Fooles*, 1600, 4to. a translation from the Italian, requests of the person whom he addresses, to take on him the office of patron or treasurer to the hospital; and that if any desperate censurer shall stab him for assigning his office or place, he presently take him into the *dark ward :* and in the same work certain idle fools are consigned to the *darksome guest-house of their madness.*"—Vol. I. pp. 102, 3, and 106.

"*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Scene 2.

"*Julia.*—Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake."
[*Giving a ring.*

"*Proteus.*—Why then we'll make exchange; here, you take this.
"*Julia.*—And seal the bargain with a holy kiss."

"*King John*, Act II. Scene 2.

"*K. Philip.*—Young princes, close your hands.
"*Austria.*—*And your lips too:* for I am well assur'd
"That I did so when I was first assured."

"*Twelfth Night*, Act V. Scene 1.

"*Priest.*—A contract of eternal bond of love,
"Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
"Attested by the holy close of lips,
"Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
"And all the ceremony of this compact
"Seal'd in my function, be my testimony."

"It will be necessary, for better illustration of these lines, to connect them with what Olivia has said to Sebastian at the end of the preceding Act:—

"Now go with me, and with this holy man,
"Into the chantry by; there, *before him*,
"And underneath that consecrated roof,
"*Plight me the full assurance of your faith*;
"That my most jealous and too-doubtful soul
"May live at peace. He shall conceal it
"Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
"What time we will our *celebration* keep
"According to thy birth."

"Now the whole has been hitherto regarded as relating to *an actual marriage* that had been solemnized between the parties; whereas it is manifest that nothing more is meant than a *betrothing*, *affiancing*, or *promise of future marriage*, anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals*, a term which was for a long time confounded with *matrimony*, and at length came exclusively to denote it. The form of betrothing at church in this country has not been handed down to us in any of its ancient ecclesiastical service-books; but it is to be remembered that Shakspeare is here making use of foreign materials, and the ceremony is preserved in a few of the French and Italian rituals.

"The custom of betrothing appears to have been known in ancient times to almost all the civilized nations, among whom marriage was considered as a sacred engagement. Our northern ancestors were well acquainted with it; with them the process was as follows:—1. *Precatio*, or wooing. 2. *Impetratio*, or demanding of the parents or guardian. 3. The conditions of the contract. All these were sealed by joining the right hands; by a certain form of words, and a confirmation before witnesses. The length of the time between espousals and marriage was uncertain, and governed by the convenience of the parties; it generally extended to a few months. Sometimes, in case of necessity, such as the parties living

in different countries, and where the interference of proxies had been necessary, the time was protracted to three years. The contract of the affiancing party was called *handsaul* (whence our *hansel*); of the agreeing party, *hand-fastening*. See Thorlaicus *de Borealium veterum Matrimonio*, 1785, 4to pp. 33, 42. Vincent de Beauvais, a writer of the 13th century, in his *Speculum Historiale*, lib. ix. c. 70, has defined *espousals* to be *a contract of future marriage*, made either by a simple promise, by earnest or security given, by a ring, or by an oath. During the same period, and the following centuries, we may trace several other modes of betrothing, some of which it may be worth while to describe more at large.

"1. The interchangement of rings. Thus in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, book 3,

> "Sone after this, they spake of sondry things,
> As fill to purpose, of this adventure,
> And playing *enterchaungeden her rings*,
> Of which I cannot tellen no scripture.
> But well I wot, a broche of gold and assure,
> In which a rubie set, was like an berte
> Cresseide him yave, and stacke it on his sherte."

"When espousals took place at church, rings were also interchanged. According to the ritual of the Greek church, the priest first placed the rings on the fingers of the parties, who afterwards exchanged them. Sometimes the man only gave a ring. In the Life of St. Leobard, who is said to have flourished about the year 580, written by Gregory of Tours, he gives a ring, a kiss, and a pair of shoes to his affianced. The ring and shoes were a symbol of securing the lady's hands and feet in the trammels of conjugal obedience; but the ring of itself was sufficient to confirm the contract. In the *Miracles of the Virgin Mary*, compiled in the 12th century, by a French Monk, there is a story of a young man, who, falling in love with an image of the Virgin, inadvertently placed on one of its fingers a ring which he had received from his mistress, accompanying the gifts with the most tender language of respect and affection. A miracle instantly took place, and the ring remained immoveable, The young man, greatly alarmed for the consequences of his rashness, consulted his friends, who advised him by all means to devote himself entirely to the service of the Madonna. His love of his former mistress prevailing over their remonstrances, he married her; but, on the wedding-night, the newly betrothed lady appeared to him, and urged her claim with so many dreadful menaces, that the poor man felt himself compelled to abandon his bride, and that very night to retire privately to a hermitage, where he became a monk for the rest of his life. This story has been translated by Mons. Le Grand, in his entertaining collection of *Fabliaux*, where the ring is called a marriage ring *: but this is probably a mistake in the translator,

---

* This story, with the exception of its unhappy conclusion, has also been put into the form of a ballad, by Thomas Moore, who likewise terms the ring a "wedding" one. Mr. Moore states his derivation of the story, from "a German author, *Fronman upon Fascination*, b. 3, p. 6, ch. 18." who is mentioned to "quote it from Belluacensis." It has probably appeared in a hundred shapes.—Rev.

as appears from several copies of the above *miracles* that have been consulted. The giving of rings was likewise a *pledge of love*, in cases where no marriage could possibly happen. In the *Lay of Equitan*, a married woman and her gallant exchange rings,

" Par lur anels sentresaisirent
Lur *fiaunce* sentrepleviront."

" In a romance written by Raimond Vidal, a Provencal poet of the 13th century, a knight devotes himself to the service of a lady, who promises him a kiss in a year's time, when she shall be married. They ratify the contract by an exchange of rings. Mr. Steevens has, on the present occasion, introduced a note, wherein a ludicrous superstition is mentioned, in order to prove that " in our ancient *marriage ceremony*, the man received, as well as gave, a ring." But the passage which he cites from Lupton is wrongly translated from Mizaldus, who only speaks [speaks only] of *the* marriage ring: and so it is in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, fol. 82, edit. 1584, 4to, where a similar receipt is given. Mr. Steevens was indeed convinced of this by the author of these observations, and in a note on *All's Well that ends Well* has retracted his opinion. No instance has occurred where rings were *interchanged* at a *marriage*.

" 2. The kiss that was mutually given. When this ceremony took place at church, the lady, of course, withdrew the veil, which was usually worn on the occasion; when in private, the drinking of healths usually followed.

" 3. The joining of hands. This is often alluded to by Shakspeare himself. See a note in [on] the *Winter's Tale*, p. 17, Steevens's edition, 1793.

" 4. The testimony of witnesses. That of the priest alone was generally sufficient, though we often find many other persons attending the ceremony. The words " there before him," and " he shall conceal it," in Olivia's speech, sufficiently demonstrate that betrothing, and not marriage, is intended; for, in the latter, the presence of the priest alone would not have sufficed. In later times, espousals in the church were often prohibited in France, because instances frequently occurred where the parties, relying on the testimony of the priest, scrupled not to live together as man and wife, which gave rise to much scandal and disorder. Excesses were likewise often committed by the celebration of espousals in taverns and alehouses, and some of the synodal decrees expressly injoin that the parties shall not get drunk on these occasions.

" The ceremony, generally speaking, was performed by the priest demanding of the parties if they had entered into a contract with any other person, or made a vow of chastity or religion: whether they had acted for each other, or for any child they might have had, in the capacity of godfather or godmother; or whether they had committed incontinence with any near relation of the other party; but the latter questions might be dispensed with, at the discretion of the priest. Then this oath was administered—" You swear by God and his holy saints herein, and by all the saints of Paradise, that you will take this woman, whose name is N. to wife within 40 days, if holy church will permit." The priest then joined their hands, and said—" and thus you affiance yourselves; to which the parties answered—" Yes, Sir." They then received a suitable exhortation on the nature and design of marriage, and an injunction

to live piously and chastely, until that event should take place. They were not permitted, at least by the church, to reside in the same house, but were nevertheless regarded as man and wife, independently of the usual privileges: and this will account for Olivia's calling Cesario "husband;" and when she speaks of "keeping *celebration* according to her birth," it alludes to *future marriage*. This took place in a reasonable time after betrothing, but was seldom protracted in modern times beyond 40 days. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Claudio calls *Julietta* his *wife*, and says he got possession of her bed, upon a true contract. The Duke likewise, in addressing Mariana, who had been *affianced* to Angelo, says, "he is your *husband* on a precontract.

"Before we quit the subject, it may be necessary to observe, that betrothing was not an essential preliminary to marriage, but might be dispensed with. The practice, in this respect, varied in different times and places. The desuetude of espousals in England seems to have given rise to the action at law for damages on breach of promise of marriage. And thus much may suffice for a general idea of this ancient custom; the legal niceties must be sought for in the works of the civilians."—Vol. 1. pp. 38, 107—14, 403.

"*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act. I. Scene 1.

"*Egeus.*—Happy be Theseus, our renowned *duke*."

"This is in reality no "misapplication of a modern title," as Mr. Steevens conceived, but a legitimate use of the word, in its primitive Latin sense of leader; and so it is often used in the Bible. Shakspeare might have found *duke* Theseus in the *Book of Troy*, or in Turbevile's *Ovid's Epistles* See the argument to that of Phædra to Hippolytus."—Vol. 1. p. 179.

"*King Richard III*, Act I. Scene 1.

"*Gloucester.*—Cheated of feature by *dissembling* Nature."

"The poet by this expression seems to mean no more than that Nature had made, for Richard, features *unlike* those of other men. To *dissemble*, both here and in the passage quoted from *King John*, signifies the reverse of to resemble, in its active sense, and is not used as *dissimulare* in Latin."—Vol. 2. p. 32.

"*King Henry VIII*, Act III. Scene 2.

"*Wolsey.*—And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*."

"Manifestly borrowed from that fine passage in *Isaiah*, xiv. ver. 12. "How art thou *fallen* from heaven, O *Lucifer*, son of the morning!"—Vol. 2. p. 50.

3. Such of Mr. Douce's Notes on Shakspeare as appear to us useless, we shall be able to comprise in a very short compass. At p. 43, vol. 1, the author interrupts his deep investigations to tell us the meaning of the phrase, "the music *likes you* not," as if a man could read through a whole play of Shakspeare, without discovering that the word *likes* was often used by the poet in the sense of *pleases*. The note (vol. I. p. 46) "not on the business of Shakspeare," but on an observation of

Steevens, on a painting by Guido, might have been spared Mr. Douce's present work; and that (vol. I. p. 55) informing us of the old school-copy of *Familiarity breeds contempt*, which every one of us has written as well as Mr. Douce, might have been spared any work. The note on the phrase, "mind of love" for *loving mind* (vol. I. p. 260), has been given us before by Mr. Steevens; and as to the comment on the word "impertinency," (vol. II. p. 168,) the legitimate sense of the word *impertinent* is so well known, and so often used even in the present day, that, were we called upon to characterize Mr. Douce's note on it, we should know of no better word to employ.

Mr. Douce, in one instance, abuses other commentators for giving notes, but not interpretations, and then does no better himself. It is in a note on the phrase in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "I see you have a *month's mind* to them." After all that has been written on these words, they are, we believe, used to this day in the sense of a *great mind*, or a *good mind*, and have probably no other origin but that fixed determination, which the reflection of a month conveyed.

4. We now proceed to the quotation of such of Mr. Douce's notes, as, in our opinion, are open to further observation; and by these means we shall be enabled to give our readers, at the same time, a specimen of the general depth and utility of Mr. Douce's work.

"*Tempest*, Act I, Scene 2.

"*Prospero*.—What is't thou can'st demand?
"*Ariel*.——————————My liberty.
"*Pros*. Before the time be out? No more."

"The spirits or familiars attending on magicians were always impatient of confinement. Thus we are told, that the spirit Balkin is wearied, if the action wherein he is employed continue longer than an hour; and therefore the magician must be careful to dismiss him. The form of such a dismissal may be seen in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, ed. 1665. fol. p. 228."—Vol. 1. p. 7.

Of this impatience of communication, Mr. Douce might have added further proofs from the "Dismiss me; enough," of the Spirit in Macbeth, and from the

"Unwilling I my lips unclose;
"Leave me, leave me to repose,"

of the Prophetess of the old Norse traditions, in Gray's Descent of Odin.

"*Tempest*, Act III. Scene 2.

"*Gonzalo.*—Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
" Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
" Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
" *Whose heads stood in their breasts?*"

"The 'dew-lapp'd mountaineers' are shown to have been borrowed from Maundeville's Travels, and the same author doubtless supplied the other monsters. In the edition printed by Thomas Este, without date, is the following passage:—'In another ile dwell men that have no heads, and their eyes are in their shoulders, and *their mouth is on their breast.*' A cut, however, which occurs in this place, is more to the purpose, and might have saved our poet the trouble of consulting the text; for it represents a complete head with eyes, nose, and mouth, placed on the breast and stomach."—Vol. 1. p. 21.

A similar cut to that which Mr. Douce mentions, as likely to have caught Shakspeare's eye in Maundeville, is to be found in Hackluyt's Voyages (vol. iii. Lond. 1600, fol.), and is actually copied in Reed's Shakspeare, (vol. xix. p. ult.) Mr. D. should have known this.

"*Twelfth Night*, Act I. Scene 3,

"*Sir Toby Belch.*—Wherefore have these gifts a *curtain* before them? are they likely to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?"

"Mr. Malone's conjecture, that curtains were at this time frequently hung before pictures of value is further supported in Sc. 5, of this Act, where Olivia, in unveiling her face, mentions the practice. In Deloney's *Pleasant History of Jack of Newberry*, printed before 1597, it is recorded that 'in a faire large parlour, which was wainscotted round about, Jacke of Newbery had fifteene faire pictures hanging, *which were covered with curtaines of greene silke*, frienged with gold, which he would often shew to his friends and servants.' "—Vol. 1. p. 85.

In addition to Mr. D.'s proofs, that, in the time of Shakspeare, curtains were placed before pictures of value, might be instanced the curtain which concealed the painted statue of Hermione, in the Winter's Tale. It seems to be introduced there as a matter of course, and, no doubt, for a similar reason that such a preservation was placed before "Mistress Mall's picture," because, as Paulina tells us, "the ruddiness of its lip being wet with oily painting," it was likely to catch the dust.

"*Measure for Measure*, Act II. Scene 1.

"*Isabella.* And that I have *possess'd* him."

"In the same sense, Shylock says.

"I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose."

"It were better that Shakspeare should be thus made his own commentator where it can be done, than that he should be explained by quotations from other authors."—Vol. 1. p. 138.

There was little use for this note. Readers of Shakspeare are well acquainted with the good account to which Shakspeare turns the word *possess*. Mr. Douce might easily have multiplied instances of Shakspeare's usage of the word in the sense before: one occurs to us in *Much ado about Nothing:*

"*Possess* the people in Messina here."

"*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Scene 2.

"*Titania.* The *nine men's morris* is filled up with mud."

"This game was sometimes called the *nine men's merrils*, from *merelles* or *mereaux*, an ancient French word for the jettons or counters, with which it is played. The other term *morris* is probably a corruption suggested by the sort of *dance*, which in the progress of the game the counters performed. In the French *merelles*, each party had three counters only, which were to be placed in a line, in order to win the game. It appears to have been the *tremerel* mentioned in an old *fabliau*. See Le Grand *Fabliaux et contes*, tom. ii. p. 208.

"Dr. Hyde thinks the morris, or merrils, was known during the time that the Normans continued in possession of England, and that the name was afterwards corrupted into *three men's morals*, or *nine men's morals*. If this be true, the conversion of *morals* into *morris*, a term so very familiar to the country people, was extremely natural. The Doctor adds, that it was likewise called *nine-penny*, or *nine-pin miracle*, *three-penny morris*, *five-penny morris*, *nine-penny morris*, or *three-pin*, *five-pin*, and *nine-pin*, *morris*, all corruptions of *three-pin*, &c. *merels*. Hyde *Hist. Nerdiludii*, p. 202."—Vol. 1. p. 184.

The game of *nine-men's morris* exists in domestic circles to this day, where it is played on a small board with draft-men. It is then sometimes called *My Lady's Hoop*.

"*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 3. Scene 2.

"*Oberon.*—What night-*rule* now about this haunted grove?"

"Mr. Steevens has properly explained *night-rule*. *Rule*, in this word, has the same meaning as in the Christmas lord of mis-*rule*, and is a corruption of *revel*, formerly written reuel."—Vol. 1. p. 192.

May not some clue to the meaning of the term *day-rule*, that leave of absence, which is in term-time granted to prisoners for debt, be obtained from this interpretation of the word *night-rule ?*

" *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Scene 2.

" *Puck.* An *ass's nowl* I fixed on his head."

" The receipt for making a man resemble an ass, already given in a former note, must give place to the following in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, b. 13, ch. xix. " Cut off the head of a horsse or an asse (before they be dead), otherwise the vertue or strength thereof will be the lesse effectuall, and make an earthen vessell of fit capacitie to conteine the same, and let it be filled with the oile and fat therof; cover it close, and dawbe it over with lome ; let it boile over a soft fier three daies continuallie, that the flesh boiled may run into oile, so as the bare bones may be seene : beate the haire into powder, and mingle the same with oile ; and annoint the *heads of the standers by*, and they shall seem to have horsses or *asses* heads."—Vol. I. p. 193.

It has not been observed by the commentators, in their traduction of the word *nowl* from the Saxon word for *head*, that we still preserve a corruption of it, in our contemptuous word *noddle*.

" *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Scene 2.

" *Puck.* And yonder shines *Aurora's harbinger*,
" At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
" Troop home to church-yards."

" Aurora's harbinger is Lucifer, the morning-star.

" Now the bright morning star, *day's harbinger*,
" Comes dancing from the east."—Vol. I. p. 194.

In comparing these passages, we are surprised to find Mr. Douce writing a note, to tell us that " it has not been recollected to what poet these lines belong." They form one of the most beautiful and often-quoted passages in Milton.

" *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V. Scene 1.

" *Philostrate.*———— I have heard *it* over,
" And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
" Unless you can find sport in their *intents*,
" Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
" To do you service."

" Dr. Johnson suspects a line to be lost, as he " knows not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent* ;" but it is surely not *intents* that are *stretch'd and conn'd*, but the *play*, of which Philostrate is speaking. If the line,

" Unless you can find sport," &c.

were printed in a parenthesis, all would be right. Mr. Steevens, not perceiving this, has endeavoured to wrest from the word *intents*

its plain and usual meaning, and would unnecessarily convert it to *attention*, which might undoubtedly be *stretch'd*, but could not be well *conn'd*."—Vol. I. p. 195.

We here for the first time totally disagree with Mr. Douce in his perversion of the obvious meaning of this passage, by the help of that torturing pair of pincers, a parenthesis. We disagree with Dr. Johnson too (although, as a critic on Shakspeare, it is by no means for the first time) that *intents* cannot be *stretch'd and conn'd;* and we are at this very moment *stretching* and *conning* our *intents* to refute him. The *intents* of a *play* must be something very similar to the incidents of a play; and that these cannot be *stretch'd*, nobody, who is acquainted with the present drama, will deny, and that they cannot be *conn'd*, nobody, who is acquainted with any drama, will deny. The meaning of the whole passage is, to our understanding, so extremely obvious, that we doubt whether we are able to express it in any other than the plain words of our author.

——— " I have heard it [the play] over,
" And it is nothing, nothing in the world!
" Unless you can find sport in their intents,
" [Which are] extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain
" To do you service."

This mere expression of two words very easily understood does not, in our opinion, so much render the passage intelligible, as it renders it impossible that it should be unintelligible. If Mr. Douce must employ his parenthesis, we would recommend it to clasp the second instead of the third of these lines.

" *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Scene 1.

" *King.*—Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives
" Live register'd upon our *brazen tombs*."

" It was the fashion in Shakspeare's time, and had been so from the thirteenth century, to ornament the tombs of eminent persons with figures and inscriptions on *plates of brass:* to these the allusion seems rather to be made, than to monuments that were entirely of brass, such being of very rare occurrence."—Vol. I., p. 210.

This custom may serve likewise to elucidate the allusion in the following lines in King Henry VIII. Act iv. Scene 2.

" Mens' evil manners *live in brass*; their virtues
" We write in water."

" *All's Well that ends Well*, Act III. Scene 6.

" *Second Lord.*—If you give him not *John Drum's entertainment*."

" The meaning of this phrase has been very well ascertained, but

its origin remains to be traced. Is it a metaphor borrowed from the beating of a drum ? or does it allude to the drumming a person out of a regiment ? There can be no reference to a real person, because in many old writers, we find both *Jack* and *Tom* Drum."—Vol. I., p. 320.

As to the origin of this phrase, we will hazard a conjecture as well as Mr. Douce. It was the custom, at the very dawn of the drama, we know in France, and we believe in England, to collect an audience together by the beat of a *drum;* the *entertainment*, which followed this summons, was undoubtedly bad, and might very easily become proverbially so.

"*Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Scene 3.

"*Autolycus.* —— poking-sticks of steel."

"To Mr. Steevens's curious note on these implements for stiffening the ruffs formerly worn by persons of both sexes, it may be worth adding, that this fashion, being carried to a great extremity, became the subject of many satirical prints. One of the oldest was engraved in 1580, by Matthias Quad, and represents the Devil's Ruff-shop, he being called the *kragen-setzer*, or *ruff-setter*. A young gallant has brought his mistress to have her ruff set. The Devil is engaged in this operation, whilst an assistant is heating fresh poking-sticks in a brasier. Another print of this sort, by Galle, is copied from a design by Martin de Vos, and entitled *Diaboli partus Superbia*. It has this inscription relating to the *poking-sticks*:— "Avec ces fers chauds qu'on vous icy appreste, En enfer puny seras, O layde beste." Other prints represent several monkeys habited in ruffs, and busily employed in poking and starching them, &c."—Vol. I. p. 358.

Mr. Douce does not seem to be aware that, as a judicious friend suggests to us, *poking-sticks* are in use at this moment, and are called *Italian irons:* but instead of being held in the hand, as they were in Shakspeare's days, they are mounted on a stand, like telescopes. The steel is about the size of a common sausage, and the plait is smoothened by being passed to and fro, over its heated ends. So much for the genealogy of poking-sticks!

"*Macbeth*, Act III. Scene 4.

"*Macbeth.* —— Get thee gone; to-morrow
"We'll hear, *ourselves again.*"

"i. e. *when I have recovered from my fit, and am once more myself.* It is an ablative absolute. *Ourselves* is much more properly used than *ourself*; the modern language of royalty."—Vol. I. p. 379.

We totally disagree with Mr. Douce in his explanation of this passage, and are surprised that Mr. Steevens should have punctuated the words *ourselves again* as an

ablative absolute, without a comment. Not to mention the harshness of construction which Mr. D.'s reading requires, and the want which it occasions of an accusative to the verb *hear*, it appears to us very unlikely that Macbeth should confess to a hired murderer that he was at that time *not himself*. An easier interpretation of the passage we take to be a better; we understand it to mean *to-morrow we'll hear each other again:* it is the "I will hear thee again of this matter," of Felix.

"*King Henry IV*, Part I, Act II. Scene 4.

"*Prince Henry.*—Thou knotty-pated fool."

"Although it certainly stands thus in the old copy, the word should be changed without scruple to *nott-pated*, i. e. polled or cropped. The Prince had a little before bestowed the same epithet on the drawer. In this place it may refer to the practice of nicking or cropping animals."—Vol. I. p. 427.

We coincide in this emendation, and had, in fact, long before we saw Mr. Douce's note, made the following remark in the margin of our copy of Reed's Shakspeare: "'*Notted*-pated fool' would furnish a better sense than '*knotty*.'" Mr. Malone tells us, in a note on the Comedy of Errors, that fools were shaved and nicked in a particular manner, in our author's time; and that in Florio's Italian Dictionary (1598), is to be found the following article;—'*Zuccone*, a shaved pate, a *notted*-poule, a poule-pate, a gull, a ninnie.'"

"*King Richard III*, Act I. Scene 1.

"*Glocester.*—[Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
"And now ——————————]
"*He capers* nimbly in a lady's chamber,
"To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

"The question with Dr. Johnson is, whether it be *war* that capers or *York*; and he justly remarks that if the latter, the antecedent is at an almost forgotten distance. The amorous temper of Edward the Fourth is well known, and there cannot be a doubt that by *the lascivious pleasing of a lute*, he is directly alluded to. The subsequent description likewise that Richard gives of himself is in comparison with the *King*. Dr. Johnson thought the image of *war capering* poetical; yet it is not easy to conceive how *grim-visag'd war* could *caper in a lady's chamber*."—Vol. II., p. 32.

He might when he had *smooth'd his wrinkled front*. We are inclined to believe that *war* is the antecedent here.

"*King Henry VIII.* Act I. Scene 1.

"*Buckingham.* ——————but this top-proud fellow,
"(Whom from the flow of gall I *name not*, but
"From sincere motions)"

"Dr. Johnson explains *sincere motions* to be *honest indignation*, and for *name not*, would substitute *blame not*. But is not the following the plain sense, without any alteration? "This top-proud fellow, whom I call so, not from an excess of bitterness, but from a genuine impulse of the mind."—Vol. ii. p. 42.

Mr. Douce is certainly right in his explanation of this passage; the word *motion* is used here in the same sense in which it occurs in a king's patent: "*ex mero motu regis*," "from the mere *motion* of the king," from a genuine impulse of his mind; it is the Latin sense of the word, which is, perhaps, in *doing* the patent *into* English, too literally translated.

"*Cymbeline*, Act IV. Scene 2.

"*Guiderius*.—With female fairies will *his* tomb be haunted,
"And worms will not come to *thee*."

"Mr. Steevens imputes *great violence* to this change of person, and would read "come to *him*;" but there is no impropriety in Guiderius's sudden address to the *body itself*. It might, indeed, be ascribed to our author's careless manner, of which an instance like the present occurs at the beginning of the next Act, where Posthumus says,

"——— *you* married ones,
"If each of *you* would take this course, how many
"Must murder wives much better than *them*selves."
Vol. ii. p. 107.

This transition is of frequent occurrence in the Psalms: *e. g.* "*The Lord* is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: *thou* maintainest my lot." Ps. xvi. 5.

"*Hamlet*, Act I. Scene 5.

"*Hamlet*.—My tables;—meet it is, I set it down."

"It is remarkable that neither public nor private museums should furnish any specimens of these table-books, which seem to have been so very common in the time of Shakspeare; nor does any attempt appear to have been made towards ascertaining exactly the materials of which they were composed. Certain it is, however, that they were sometimes made of slate, in the form of a small portable book, with leaves and clasps. Such a one is fortunately engraved in Gesner's Treatise *de Rerum Fossilium Figuris*, &c. Tigur, 1565. 12mo. which is not to be found in the folio collection of his works on natural history. The learned author thus describes it: "Pugillaris è laminis saxe nigri fissilis, cum stylo ex eodem." His figure of it is here copied."—Vol. ii. p. 227.

The table-book here described is in use to this day, and may be bought at almost any stationer's shop. Our readers must doubtless have seen it in the hands of the venders of pocket-books, who frequent the streets of London.

With this, we conclude our observations on Mr. Douce's notes on Shakspeare. We have been rather more copious in our extracts from them than we could wish; but if we have, at the same time, made any additions to the illustration of Shakspeare, our excuse is pleaded: we hasten to the remaining departments of the work before us.

II. Mr. Douce's Essay on the Anachronisms and other Incongruities of Shakspeare collects together almost all that had been previously pointed out on this amusing subject. Mr. Seymour has, however, noticed two which may be added to the list: in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, Shakspeare places a cloister in Athens; and in Troilus and Cressida, Troilus talks of "some, who with cunning *gild* their *copper crowns*."

III. Mr. Douce's Dissertation on the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare, which "originated from the opinion of a late eminent critic and antiquary (Mr. Ritson), that the subject was deserving of particular consideration," next follows. Mr. Douce doubts whether, according to Mr. Ritson, Shakspeare "has judiciously varied and discriminated" his fools; but he contrives to class them with much science. His dissertation is very amusing, and is illustrated by some very curious plates: it forms a new species of *natural* history. Now that the Lord Mayor's fool (the last of the family) is exploded, all that remains to us of this animal is to be found in the clowns of our equestrian theatres: we have often thought, however, that their extemporaneous effusions assimilated them more than any class of actors we possess to Tarleton, and the rest of the clowns of Shakspeare's stage; and as we have sat in our summer theatres, whose roofs are painted to look as if they were open to the air, and the areas of whose pits have no seats, so that the tenants of them become the "groundlings" of Shakspeare's meaning, we have often fancied ourselves in the Globe, or at the Blackfriars.

IV. Mr. Douce's next Dissertation is on the Collection of Popular Tales, entitled Gesta Romanorum, a subject which Mr. Warton's History of English Poetry had already discussed. Mr. Douce's deeper research than Mr. Warton's has, however, thrown much new light on the subject. "Neither Mr. Warton, nor Mr. Tyrrwhit," says Mr. Douce, "in consulting the manuscripts of the Gesta Romanorum, had perceived

that there were two works so intitled, totally distinct from each other, except as to imitation, and certainly compiled by different persons. Of that treated by Mr. Warton, it is presumed *no manuscript has been yet described;* of the other several manuscripts remain, *but it has never been printed, except in some translated extracts.*" This is the foundation of Mr. Douce's dissertation, which is carried on with a minuteness of research that exhausts all future enquiry.

V. The third Dissertation is more generally interesting: it is on the ancient English Morris-dance, a sport which has not quite ceased at this day. The principal novelty which is brought to the illustration of this dance is "a copy from an exceedingly scarce engraving on copper, by Israel Von Mecheln, or Meckenen, so named from the place of his nativity, a German village on the confines of Flanders." This dissertation is like all the rest of Mr. Douce's, so full and satisfactory, as to leave the reader as much master of the subject as the writer.

We have thus with great pleasure attended Mr. Douce through the whole of his valuable addition to the illustration of Shakspeare and of English antiquities. Mr. Douce writes in a sensible and perspicuous, if not in a very elegant and accurate, style; but for matter, his volumes are far more worthy than any of those of which we have now completed the examination, to stand on the same shelf with the last edition of Reed's Shakspeare.

Caledonian Sketches, or a Tour through Scotland in 1807: to which is prefixed an explanatory address to the public, upon a recent trial. *By Sir John Carr.* London, Mathews and Leigh, 1809. 4to. pp. xxiii, 541.

The illiberal little work, which was the parent of the "recent trial" here alluded to, is now no more; and Sir John Carr's "Explanatory Address" rings its knell with much decency. The "Address" is written in a mild and gentlemanly manner, and is, we trust, a death-blow to the whole affair: both parties have cause to lament the contest, and here we hope it will end: if Sir John Carr repents the law-suit, the author of "My Pocket-Book" no less repents the travesty; and reformation of the future always follows repentance of the past.

Sir John Carr has certainly come out purer from the refiner's fire: the instructive and entertaining work, which

he modestly entitles "Caledonian Sketches," is wholly free from those trite anecdotes, with which the tourist has certainly made too free in his former publications; and if Sir John Carr's works have before been accused of being too light, they are now in a fair way of being called too heavy. The present volume contains a mine of sound information, collected from the valuable and universal introduction, which its elegant author never fails to command; and the whole is delivered in a style as pleasing as, and more correct than, any of his former productions. The following extracts will at once attest our assertions, and give a value to our pages.

"My melancholy ride to Burness augmented, by contrast, the charms of the scenery which opened upon me soon after I remounted my horse, as a sable frame frequently increases the effect of a brilliant picture. After riding over about two miles of ground, in which oats were much cultivated (a characteristic feature of an approach to Scotland), I entered Roxburghshire, the frontier of which, in this direction, is distinguishable for picturesque beauty. The road to Jedburgh lay through meadows, here of vivid green, there of a rich mossy yellow colour: on either side were country seats, handsome plantations, winding streams, thick woods, and ruddy rocks, rising majestically above them, and crowned with luxuriant shrubs. Every object harmonised with its neighbour, and the neatness of the humble cottage was blended with the gaiety of the elegant mansion. Each winding of the road exhibited fresh subjects of admiration; and industry and prosperity shed animation over the whole. In all my rambles I never saw Nature in a lovelier form than she appeared in this ride of fifteen miles. The eastern entrance to Scotland, by the way of Berwick, is, I am told, as barren, as this is prodigal of beauty. I could not help exclaiming, "Is this Scotland?" I regretted that Dr. Johnson had not entered Caledonia in this direction; the sweetness and luxuriance of the scene might perchance have mitigated, if they would not have entirely charmed away, the severity of prejudices which were conceived and cherished bya long residencein the metropolis of England,and which he appears to have quitted for the sole purpose of endeavouring to confirm: the lateness of season, too, in which he travelled (for the Doctor did not commence his tour till the month of August, in 1773), was well suited to such an object."—pp. 38.-9,

"The walk from the castle along the river to Hawthornden is exquisite beyond imagination. It much resembles ,only it that is more expanded, the celebrated Dargle, in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland. At every meander of the river new beauties banquet the eye. The general appearance of the scenery is more graceful than grand. Rich, red, and grey rocks, just rising above a succession of trees and shrubs, profusely and elegantly arranged by the hand of Nature ,who seems proud to contemplate her work in the dark mirror of the winding stream that flows below, characterise this delicious spot. At length we saw the classic walls of Hawthornden, crowning the summit of lofty rugged rocks, from which the venerable structure

finely harmonises with the luxuriant vale below, and the "verdrous wall" of trees that rises on the opposite bank of the river.

"This ancient residence of the amiable and harmonious Drummond was worthy of the Poet. His song and his sufferings spread an air of tenderness over the beautiful scene, which affects the mind as it engages the eye. It is a scene in which the vivacity of the gay would be tempered, and in which the unhappy might find consolation. The Poet was of high descent. His family became first distinguished by the marriage of Robert III., whose Queen was sister to William Drummond, of Carnock, one of his ancestors. After being educated at Edinburgh, in 1606 he studied civil law at Bourges, in France; but the spirit of poetry soon seduced him from that barren study, and conducted him to Hawthornden, to copy and commemorate the beauties of Nature, which she had so profusely scattered round his retirement. It was here that Ben Jonson came from London, on foot, on purpose to see him. Here he wrote his Cypress Grove and his Flowers of Sion; and here he would have continued to pour his harmonious verse, had not the death of a lady, to whom he was devoted and about to be married, forced him to fly from his own affecting reflections to Paris, and thence to Rome, where he resided eight years. How forcibly and poetically he felt the loss that drove him from his romantic shades will appear in the few following lines, in which the tender spirit of Petrarch seems to breathe.

"Lo! in a flash, that light is gone away,
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind;
And with that sun from whence it came, combin'd,
Now makes more radiant Heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now bedew her cheek with tears:
Let widow'd Music only sigh and moan;
Poor Virtue, get thee wings and mount the spheres,
For dwelling-place on earth for thee is none:
Death hath thy temple raz'd, Love's empire soil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness, spoil'd."

"After several years had passed over his grief, it gradually yielded to the attractions of another fair one, whom he married. During the unhappy wars between Charles I. and his parliament, he suffered much in his mind, and strongly advocated the royal cause in several able writings, and at length died, overwhelmed with grief, upon hearing that the King had suffered upon the scaffold. His prose-compositions are well known; and when the language of the country to which he belonged, and the age in which he wrote, are considered, the melodious sweetness of his numbers cannot fail to excite equal surprise and admiration.

"As I stood gazing at Hawthornden, one of the windows opened, and a female appeared, who, my companions informed me, was the fair descendant of my favourite Bard: my curiosity soon baffled itself: the young lady, with characteristic diffidence, withdrew as soon as she saw she had awakened it. In Miss Drummond, I am told by those who have the pleasure of knowiug her, the cultivated taste and amiable disposition of her illustrious ancestor survives."—pp. 82.—85.

"Upon leaving Elgin I rambled over ground which the Muse of Shakspeare has rendered so celebrated. Just befor- I quitted the inn, I made my landlord smile, by asking, in the language of Mac-

beth, " How far is't call'd to Forres?" (my next stage, which I found was about twelve miles). He wanted much to detain me, to hear him explain, with an apparently copious knowledge of dramatic geography, the various places in Morayshire in which all the wonderful events so sublimely described by Shakspeare, occurred to Macbeth. The road to Forres is extremely dull and uninteresting, and I should have felt little objcetion to have had its monotony relieved even by some of the weird sisterhood, however *withered and wild in their attire.* The town stands on a gently rising ground, near the bay of Findhorn; it is very ancient, gloomy, and dirty. Poverty seemed to hang over it like an evil spirit. In the street I saw several squalid figures, who induced me to think that the race of Macbeth's witches was not quite extinguished; and I was glad to take my departure for Nairn, distant about eleven miles; on my way to which I passed very near Dyke, in the parish of which, conjecture has placed the scene which leads to the catastrophe of Shakspeare's tragedy."—p. 327.

" Opposite to the back-window of my inn, a barren spot of ground was pointed out to me, as the site of part of the celebrated Birnam Wood, but which would not now be capable of supplying Malcolm's soldiers with a bough apiece. This waste spot disfigures the view, every other part of the scenery about Dunkeld being richly wooded. The famous Sylva Caledonia once extended from this town to Rossshire, the only remains of which are to be seen near the water of Maeshy, on the banks of Loch Laggan. The Duke has repeatedly offered the owner of this classical space of barrenness to plant it gratuitously, an offer which I was informed the owner had, most singularly and unaccountably, as often declined, The Duke has carried the patriotic and profitable system of planting to a great height. particularly larches. It is a curious circumstance that the two first larches ever seen in Great Britain were brought to Dunkeld *in pots*, and deposited in a green-house, as precious exotics. The natural soil of the larch-tree is the Alps and Appenines, and the soil of the Highlands is considered congenial to its growth. This wood was selected by the painters, from the time of Pliny to that of Raphael, to paint upon: by the Roman naturalist it is called immortale lignum. I was credibly informed that in the blight of this tree is the same insect which preys upon the eye, and produces the ophthalmia in Egypt.

" Upon quitting Dunkeld I set off for Crieff, to which I rode through a very interesting country, and which formed the frequent subject of Ossian's lyre. I was on horseback: the darkness of the night closed upon me: I lost my way, and in recovering it, had to encounter, as I frequently had done before, that terrific part of a Scottish peasant's itinerary information called " *a wee bit over the brae.*" Oh! traveller, when, after a long and fatiguing ride or walk, bewildered you ask your way to the place you wish to reach, and the answer is, " about three miles, and a wee bit over the brae," you will generally find this wee bit bear as great a proportion to the rest of the journey as the long tail of a comet does to the comet itself."—pp. 524-5.

The present work is embellished and illustrated even in a more beautiful style than any of Sir John Carr's former productions. The plates, which are numerous and interesting, are engraven in the most exquisite manner; and are really too good for book-prints; they would de-

serve a frame by the side of the most expensive views with which our parlours are ornamented. The true lover of art will be the more pleased with them that they are not tinted.

Romantic Tales, by M. G. Lewis, Author of the Monk, Adelgitha, &c. 4 vols. 12mo. London. Longman and Co. 1808.

THE name of Mr. Lewis, we presume, is known to every lover of romance, from the school-boy who solaces himself with plain "raw head and bloody bones" to the full-grown amateur of death's heads, winding sheets, and charnel houses. The success with which this gentleman's first performance was crowned, appears to have led him to suppose that all the region of supernatural appearance has become his own exclusive property; hence the perseverance with which he still continues to tell of Bill Jones and Sir Guy the Seeker, and the eagerness with which he hunts German and Spanish literature for a new horror, in the discovery of which he appears to feel as much delight as the satirist does in detecting a new vice, or the moralist in lamenting over a new misery.

The present volumes bear many symptoms of this appetite. Mr. Lewis wanders with an impotence of delight over these former scenes of pleasures, and rakes up with painful labour the ashes of his departed fire; but the infectious warmth which breathed through the pages of the Monk, the elasticity of mind, which made every step a spring, and every spring a bound, that richness of fancy, which revelled in its own images, and that freshness of mind, which gloried in its own strength, are all gone. In this department of literature, the "wine" of Mr. Lewis's genius is "drawn, and the mere lees is left this vault to brag of."

There are two tales, however, in this collection, in which Mr. Lewis forgets his ghosts and goblins, and feudal lords; and these we beg to submit to the reader's attention. The first is that entitled the Anaconda. The outset indeed is a little disgusting, and the ridiculous mistakes of the village-gossips, who suppose the hero of the story to have been guilty of the wilful murder of one Anne O'Condor, instead of being the triumphant slayer of the more formidable Anaconda, are told with a minuteness, that appears quite ridiculous after a perusal of

the tale itself. This indeed is full of interest : there is much originality in the conception ; and in the execution some of the finest feelings are brought into play. The Anaconda, as was illustrated in our last number, is a serpent of an enormous species found in Ceylon : her capacity of existing without food is almost inconceivable, but whatever group of trees she chooses for her abode, there she will remain for whole days and weeks, waiting patiently for her prey, till every chance of success fails her, and absolute famine compels her to emigrate. A serpent of this kind had stationed itself between the country-house of a Ceylonese merchant and a favourite pavillion, which he possessed at some little distance, and in which he was supposed to be at the time that his terrified family first descry the dreadful Anaconda playing on a tree adjacent to it. The tale paints with much effect the anxiety of the worthy merchant's (Seafield's) family to ascertain whether he is in the pavillion, and their horror at finding their fears confirmed. It recounts the efforts which the snake makes to break in at the pavillion-window, and how formidable this intruder was, may be conjectured from the following animated description.

" During this conversation we had continued to advance under favour of the thick-woven underwood, till we were scarely morethan an hundred paces distant from the monster. We could now examine it with the most perfect distinctness, and the eye was able to take in at once the whole extent of its gigantic structure. It was a sight calculated to excite in equal degrees our horror and our admiration : it united the most singular and brilliant beauty, with every thing that could impress the beholder with apprehension ; and though while gazing upon it I felt that every limb shuddered involuntarily, I was still compelled to own that never had I witnessed an exhibition more facinating or more gratifying to the eye.

The Anaconda was still employed in twisting itself in a thousand coils among the palm-branches with such resistless activity, with rapidity so inconceivable, that it was frequently impossible for the sight to follow her movements. At *one* moment, she fastened herself by the end of her tail to the very summit of the loftiest tree, and stretched out at her whole length, swung backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock, so that her head almost seemed to graze the earth beneath her : then in *another*, before the eye was aware of her intention, she totally disappeared among the leafy canopies. Now she slid down the stem, winding herself round and round it ; and now again only the extremity of her tail remained twisted round the root, while she stretched out her body upon the grass, and with elevated head and high-arching neck described a large or a small circle, as her capricious pleasure prompted.

These latter movements gave us an opportunity to discriminate w th more exactness (during a few seconds at a time) the singular richness and beauty of her tints. The long slender body was covered

with a net-work of glittering scales, girdling it round with rings above rings, and effectually securing it against every attack. The head was of a yellowish green, and marked in the middle of the skull with a large dark spot, from whence small stripes of pale yellow were drawn down to the jaws. A broad circle of the same colour went round the throat like a neck-lace, on either side of which were two olive-coloured patches, in shape resembling shields. Along the back ran a chain of black waves with sharp-pointed edges, from whence on both sides, narrow flesh-coloured rings and broad bands of the brightest yellow (alternately and in the most regular order) descended in zig-zag fashion towards the silver-white stomach, where they lost themselves imperceptibly: but what served more than all so dazzle the eye with the brilliance of varigated colouring, were innumerable spots of a rich and vivid reddish-purple, sprinkled without order over the whole surface of the upper skin: for with the animal's slightest movement all these points, and spots, and contrasts of variegated hues, melted together in the sun beams, aad formed one universal blaze composed of all the colours of the rainbow.

"Much as I admired the splendour of its garment, not less did I wonder at the enormous thickness of this terrific creature, which did not yield in bulk to that of a man of moderate size. Yet by comparing its thickness with its length, Zadi was decidedly of opinion, that the Anaconda must have been greatly reduced by a fast of unusually long duration." pp. 47—51.

The friends of Mr. Seafield try various schemes of communicating with him in his confinement; but the most ingenious is the artifice by which a faithful slave of his, named Zadi, endeavours to get at a sheet of paper, which he observes his master thrust through a crevice of the door of the pavillion, and which he conceived to contain some communication of importance. For this purpose he concealed his whole person from head to foot under a covering of boughs and cocoa-leaves, resembiing as much as possible the broken branches, with which the snake's gambols or indignation had strewed the hill all around her. The attempt is thus excellently described.

"And now favoured by the long grass and fragments of boughs, with which the ground was covered, had Zadi by a thousand serpentine movements reached the wall of the pavillion. My heart beat violently, as I saw on one side the Anaconda, as yet (it's true) suspecting nothing, but still dreadful from her appearance, and exhibiting every moment awful proofs of her strength, by the powerful leaps with which she darted herself from bough to bough; and on the other hand, separated from her by the distance of ten yards at most, I beheld a poor infirm and aged man, whose force consisted only in his courage his and discretion.

"Zadi in the mean while remained so tranquil and so motionless in his present position near the pavillion-door, that the monster could not fail of being deceived by so unsuspicious an appearance. The Indian's eye was fixed immoveably upon the snake, and followed all her twistings and windings with incessant application, while she

swung herself with unwearied activity backwards and forwards, now here, now there, now above, now below; till at the very moment when she shot herself over him in a bound of prodigious extent, I suddenly saw the invaluable paper disappear from its place, without being able to perceive the means, by which it was brought into the power of the successful lurker.

"I clasped my hands in ecstacy, and poured out my thanks to God from the very bottom of my heart.—But all was not yet done. It required no less caution and dexterity to retire, than to approach; and never did I offer up more fervent vows, than at the moment, when the animated thicket began to set itself again in motion. Slower than the hour-hand of a dial, now moving forwards, now backwards, now right, now left, it stole itself down the hill. Still it went on. . . . and on. . . . and lower. . . . and lower. . . . till with inexpressible delight I saw it almost at the very foot of the hill—and now at length I began to draw my breath without pain—" the noble fellow is safe," said I to myself.—At that moment. . . . whether joy at the successful issue of his attempt had deprived him of part of his former caution. . . . or whether some accidental derangement of the sheltering branches discovered enough to excite the reptile's suspicion. . . . at that moment I saw the Anaconda dart from above, and in the quickness of a thought she reached the bottom of the hill and enveloped the unfortunate in her folds! a piercing shriek of horror burst from me! I felt all my blood congeal itself within my veins!" pp. 79—81.

Zadi, however, is not killed; the Anaccnda after receiving several stabs from his poniard, girdles him in a single fold of her tail, and hurls him among the surrounding bushes, from which he crawls with difficulty to the merchant's friend Everard, with the dearly-purchased paper in his hand. The note contains the merchant's acknowledgments for the exertions of his friends, but states that he has bidden adieu to life, and that he cannot long survive in an atmosphere corrupted by the pestilential vapours, constantly exhaling from the monster's jaws. Zadi and Everard, however, are determined to make one more effort: and accordingly they procure some cattle (which, but that the thread of the story would not allow of it, they might have done before), and driving them down towards the Anaconda, the serpent seizes upon a bull, with which it gorges itself after its nature, to such a degree, as to fall an easy prey to the assailants. Seafield is delivered, but the springs of life were poisoned, and he did not long survive his deliverance.

(To be concluded.)

The Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich. *The Fourth Edition*, with considerable additions. To whicch are now added "Oratio in Funus Henrici Principis," from Ashmole's Museum, Biographical Notes, and a Life of the Author, *by Octavius Gilchrist, F. S. A.* London. Longman and Co. 1807. 12mo. pp. lxxx. and 261.

THIS is the commencement of a very laudable design to republish those excellent poets of that poetical age, the seventeenth century, with whose works the public are acquainted only by the selections of tasteful antiquaries. The three former editions of this poet "bear dates," says Mr. Gilchrist, "1647, 1648, and 1672. The first and last impressions correspond in their contents, and the publisher of the latter has also copied for the most part, the errors of his predecessor, which are so numerous as to render the poems not unfrequently unintelligible. The only impression with any pretension to accuracy is that of 1648, which, from its internal evidence, I suspect was published under the eye of the Bishop's family; I have therefore retained the preface. It contains only twenty-four poems." Mr. Gilchrist's edition is therefore called the fourth; but its orthography is a fac-simile of the elder editions. We think it a question, whether, to render our ancient poets familiar to our modern readers, their orthography ought not to be modernized. Orthography was very capricious and unsettled in the days of Corbet, and when Mr. Gilchrist is punctiliously mis-spelling a word, he is perhaps following a blunder of Corbet's printer, instead of paying a compliment to Corbet. Mr. Ellis and the Selector of Ancient Poetry in this Magazine, have always recommended their gems to the public by the orthography of the present day; and no Editor of our lasting English poets has hitherto thought it necessary to preserve the orthography of the earlier of those poets. We are aware that the antiquary, and he who, in the volumes of our poets, seeks to know the progress of diction, and the gradual advancement of literature, will not think the orthography of those poets a matter of indifference, and that Mr. Ellis is sometimes puzzled how to print his Selections, and gives an ancient poet, partly in contemporaneous, and partly in modern orthography. But the truth is, that to recommend old poetry to the notice of young readers, it should be stript of every thing forbidding; and we think Mr. Ellis ought to have modernized the appearance of every poem he has

published. The intention of his work was not so much to shew the progress of literature, as to shew the admirers of the age of Anne that the age of Elizabeth was one of a superior genius, if of an inferior refinement. For the man of research, let there be fac-similes of every old poet in existence; and to the man of research Mr. Gilchrist's present work is a valuable treasure. We are only sorry that the real beauties of Corbet, and the other old poets, which we understand it to be Mr. Gilchrist's intention to edit, will not, from their "antique ruff and bonnet," stand the chance of that general perusal, which they so clearly deserve; and we could wish that, in addition to Mr. Gilchrist's intended undertaking, he would print selections of his poets for the modern reader, such as our Magazine has announced of the Poems of Robert Herrick.

"It would be equally vain and foolish," says Mr. Gilchrist, "in the Editor to claim for the Author a place among the higher class of poets, or to exalt his due praise by depreciating the merits of his contemporaries. Claiming only for Cæsar what to Cæsar is due, it may without arrogance be presumed that these pages will not be found inferior to the poems of others which have been fortunately republished, or familiarized to the generality of readers through the popular medium of selections." The merits of Corbet's verse are the strong vein of satiric humour which runs through every line, the manly sense of every idea, and the strong originality of every expression. In his few pathetic poems too he is not without real feeling. We shall present our readers with extracts which will display all these qualities; and we shall modernize the poet's orthography in the manner we have recommended, to suit the light reader.

"UPON MRS. MALLET,*

"An unhandsome Gentlewoman, who made Love unto him.

"Have I renounc'd my faith, or basely sold
Salvation and my loyalty for gold?
Have I some foreign practice undertook,
By poison, shot, sharp knife, or sharper book,
To kill my king? Have I betray'd the state
To fire and fury, or some newer fate,

* "For this vehement attack upon the weakness of an infatuated woman, the author must be screened under the example of Horace, Ep. 8 and 12."—EDITOR.

Which learned murd'rers, those grand destinies,
The Jesuits, have nurs'd? if of all these
I guilty am, proceed; I am content
That Mallet take me for my punishment.
For never sin was of so high a rate,
But one night's hell with her might expiate.
Although the law with Garnet,* and the rest,
Dealt far more mildly; hanging's but a jest
To this immortal torture. Had she been then
In Mary's torrid days engender'd, when
Cru'lty was witty, and invention free
Did live by blood, and thrive by cruelty,
She would have been more horrid engines far
Than fire, or famine, racks, and halters are.
Whether her wit, form, talk, smile, tire, I name,
Each is a stock of tyranny, and shame;
But for her breath, spectators come not nigh,
That lays about; God bless the company!
The man, in a bear's skin baited to death,
Would choose the dogs much rather than her breath;
One kiss of her's, and eighteen words alone,
Put down the Spanish Inquisition.
Thrice happy we (quoth I, thinking thereon)
That see no days of persecution;
For were it free to kill, this grisly elf
Would martyrs make in compass of herself:
And were she not prevented by our pray'r,
By this time she corrupted had the air."
* * * * * * * *

"AN EPITAPH ON DR. DONNE, DEAN OF PAUL'S,

"Born in 1573; died March 31, 1631.

"He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wer't; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so.
He must have wit to spare, and to hurl down
Enough to keep the gallants of the town;
He must have learning plenty, both the laws
Civil and common, to judge any cause;
Divinity great store, above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best.
He must have language, travel, all the arts,
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts:
He must have friends the highest, abl' to do,
Such as Mecænas and Augustus too.
He must have such a sickness, such a death;
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an epitaph for thee?
He must be dead first; let 't alone for me."

---

* Henry Garnet, Provi. cial of the Order of Jesuits in England, who was arraigned and executed at the West end of St. Paul's, for his connivance at, rather than for any active participation in, the Gunpowder Plot, May 5, 1605. See State Trials."—EDITOR.

The Iter Boreale, "a sort of imitation," as Headly calls it, "of Horace's Brandusian Journey," is unquestionably the best and most considerable of Corbet's pieces. We can afford room only for an extract:—

"——— On the feast of Barthol'mew we try
What revels that saint keeps at Banbury.
In the name of God, Amen! First, to begin,
The Altar* was translated to an inn;
We lodged in a chapel, by the sign,
But in a bankrupt-tavern by the wine:
Besides, our horses' usage made us think
'Twas still a church, for they in coffins drink:
As if t'were congruous that the ancients lie
Close by those altars in whose faith they die.
Now ye believe the church hath good variety
Of monuments, when inns have such satiety;
But nothing less: there's no inscription there
But the church-wardens' names of the last year:
Instead of saints in windows and on walls,
Here buckets hang, and there a cobweb falls:
Would you not swear they love antiquity,
Who brush the quire for perpetuity?
Whilst all the other pavement and the floor
Are supplicants to the surveyor's pow'r
Of the highways, that he would gravel keep;
For else in winter sure it will be deep.
If not for God's, for Mr. Wheatley's sake,
Level the walks; suppose these pitfalls make
Him sprain a lecture, or misplace a joint
In his long prayer, or his fifteenth point:
Think you the daws or stars can set him right?
Surely this sin upon your heads must light.
And say, beloved, what unchristian charm
Is this? You have not left a leg or arm
Of an Apostle: think you, were they whole,
That they would rise, at least assume a soul?
If not, 'tis plain all the idolatry
Lies in your folly, not th' imagery.
'Tis well the pinnacles are fall'n in twain;
For now the devil, should he tempt again,
Hath no advantage of a place so high:
Fools, he can dash you from your gallery,
Where you all medley meet, and do compare,
Not what you learn, but who is longest there;
The Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,
Like a grand sallad: Tinkers, what a town is't?
The crosses also, like old stumps of trees,
Are stools for horsemen that have feeble knees;
Carry no heads above-ground: They which tell,
That Christ hath ne'er descended into hell,
But to the grave, his picture buried have
In a far deeper dungeon than the grave:

* The sign of the inn was the Altar.—REVIEWER.

That is, descended to endure what pains
The devil can think, or such disciples' brains.
No more my grief; in such prophane abuses,
Good whips make better verses than the muses."

Mr. Gilchrist's volume is edited with a thorough acquaintance with old English literature, but without that blind prejudice in its favour, which too many of our antiquaries have evinced. Mr. Gilchrist is an elegant general scholar; and we know of no man more qualified than he for the undertaking, of which the republication of Corbet's Poems isthe commencement, and which we hope will be so on continued by the republication of those of Habington, King, &c.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Park's edition of Warton's History of English Poetry, is in a state of great forwardness. The editor's plan is not only to revise both text and notes, and free the extracts from the charge of inaccuracy to which they have hitherto been subjected, but also to supply a continuation in furtherance of Mr. Warton's plan. The very copious annotations on Warton's History by the late learned antiquary, the Rev. George Ashby, together with various M. S. observations left by that acute critic, Mr. Ritson, are in the hands of the present editor, and so far as the purposes of correction and illustration can be served, will be appended to the notes of Mr. Warton.

Life of the late Rt. Hon. William Pitt. By John Gifford, Esq. The author finding himself incapable of detailing the events of so interesting and important a period, within the limits which he originally prescribed to himself, and the Publishers having been honoured with intimations from many of Mr. Pitt's most distinguished friends, that a more elegant edition than that hitherto announced, would be highly acceptable; the public are respectfully informed, that the work will be brought forward, early in the month of May next, in the three following forms, viz. 1. One hundred copies, splendidly printed in three volumes imperial quarto, which will be faithfuily appropriated, according to the dates of orders received. 2. A limited number, in three elegant quarto volumes, on royal paper. 3. Handsomely printed in six volumes octavo.—Each of these editions will be embellished with two finely engraven portraits of Mr. Pitt; one from the bust executed by Mr. Flaxman; the other from the most approved original picture; and of these, one hundred proofs will be taken off for the superior copies, and the next impressions for the royal paper edition.

Mr. Martin, who has been diligently employed in the study of extraneous fossils for some years, is about to publish, under the patronage of Sir Joseph Banks, a quarto volume of Plates and Descriptions of the Petrifactions of Derbyshire. Hè has also nearly ready for publication, in an octavo volume, an elementary intro-

duction to the knowledge of Extraneous Fossils; being an attempt to establish the study of these bodies on scientific principles.

The Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, of Thetford, is going to publish, by subscription, select views in Cumberland, Westmorland, and part of Scotland; exhibiting the most picturesque situations in these countries, with letter-press descriptions.

Petus and Arria, a tragedy in blank verse, with a letter to Thomas Sheridan, Esq. on the present state of the English stage, is in the press, and will soon appear.

A new edition of Quintilian, after the manner of Rollin's Compendium, is printing at Oxford, in an octavo volume, and nearly ready for publication.

The Annals of Sparting, with twenty-eight plates by Rowlandson, intended as a companion to Gambado's Annals of Horsemanship, is nearly ready for publicatiou.

Mr. W. C. Oulton will shortly publish a work entitled The English Tutor, written in familiar letters, and intended particularly for ladies' seminaries.

Two volumes of Sermons of the late Bp. Horsley are intended to be published by subscription, and to be ready in June next.

The Rev. Robert Bland, author of Edwy and Elgiva, and Sir Everard, has in the press, the Four Slaves of Cythera, a romance, in ten cantos.

Mr. Matthew Murfit, of Trinity College, Cambridge, is printing an Essay on the life and character of Agesilaus, son of Archidamus.

Mr. Smith, of Dublin, has nearly completed his History of the Germanic Empire, which will speedily appear in two octavo volumes.

Mr. Jerningham will shortly publish a work entitled the Alexandrian School; being a narrative of the character and writings of the first Christian professors in the city of Alexandria.

Mr. Lucas is preparing to publish the Travels of Humanius in search of the temple of happiness.

Mr. Wm. Richards, proposes to publish by subscription a History of Lynn, from its foundation to the present time; including whatever is most remarkable in the adjacent parts.

Mr. Bingley has nearly completed a volume of Memoirs of British Quadrupeds, with seventy engravings from original drawings. This is intended to be followed by Memoirs of Fishes, Birds, &c. till an entire system of British Zoology, occupying about seven volumes, is completed.

The Rev. C. Wellbeloved, of York, will soon publish Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev. W. Wood, minister of the chapel at Mill-hill, in Leeds; with the Address delivered at his interment, and a Sermon on occasion of his death.

Mr. Renouard, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has in the press a Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry.

Mr. Hilditch proposes to publish by subscription the History and Antiquities of Tamworth.

Mr. Taylor, the Platonist, is preparing a work on Infinitesimals iu Mathematics, in which it is said he has made some important discoveries.

Mr. Farmer is printing a second edition of his Sermons on the Parables, in one octavo volume.

Dr. Stock, of Bristol, has undertaken to write a Life of the late Dr. Beddoes, with the approbation of his family and friends.

The Reports of the Preventive Medical Institution at Bristol, which have been some time expected, were left in a degree of forwardness by the late Dr Beddoes; and they will be completed and published as soon as possible by Mr. King and Dr. Stock. The former gentleman has been surgeon to the institution from its first commencement.

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 19. *Belisarius. R. Westall, R. A.*

This picture is painted in the artist's boldest style, and has a highly classical air throughout. There is a chaste repose in the whole picture; but we think the tints are rather too cold and unvaried; in fact the picture has the effect of having been covered with a glaring colour of olive green.

No. 27. *Arnold Cottage*, an effect by candle-light. *Douglas Guest.*

We hope this, though a very clever picture in its way, is merely an attempt of the artist to shew the diversity of his powers; for, from what we recollect of his former pictures in the higher class of historical subjects, we think he has talents that ought not to be thrown away upon "candle-light effects."

No. 29. *The Music Master. M. W. Sharp.*

This is the picture we mentioned in our last number, as having obtained the prize in the class of familiar life. The master is in the attitude of giving the time with his finger to a youthful player on the violin, while an elegant female is laughing and stopping her ears at the discordant notes produced by the boy. The subject is treated with considerable humour; the colouring is exquisite; the draperies are very highly finished, and their texture is discriminated with the greatest precision: in fact, the picture has every merit but that of originality: it is a close and successful imitation of Mieris; but for that reason, we think it unworthy of bearing away the prize of a British school. A picture in the class of domestic life ought certainly to carry with it (if the artist is to study

what he sees in nature, and not what he sees in pictures) the age and country in which it was produced, of the manners and costume of which it becomes a most valuable record. If the picture before us were to be referred to, with that view, two centuries hence, it would be a most arrant deceiver indeed; for with the inscription of "Sharp, London, 1809," it depicts Flemish manners, Flemish scenery, and Flemish costume, of nearly two centuries before that period.

No. 91. *The Carpenter's Shop and Kitchen. W. Mulready.*

We have introduced this picture out of its order for the purpose of subjecting it to a comparison, which it naturally excites, with the preceding one, and with which it is said to have been a competitor for the same prize. Mr. Mulready has very properly gone to the same artists as Mr. Sharp for the study of general principles, and the means with which they produced their almost magic effect in this branch of the art; but there he has very properly left them; and availing himself of these he has gone to Nature and to scenes before him for subjects on which to apply them: by this means he has conferred such an originality on his work, that we think, had its merit been inferior to the former in other respects, it should have secured him the prize. That its merit is however inferior in other respects, we are by no means disposed to allow: in point of finish in particular we think Mr. Mulready's picture is, if any thing, superior to Mr. Sharp's; the splendid carpet of Mr. Sharp is fully equalled in elaborate finishing by the humble rug of Mr. Mulready, while the most attainable source of the one must have been the works of Mieris, which abound with such, and the only source of the other which we know must have been Nature itself.

[*To be concluded.*]

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"*Auld Robin Gray,*" *harmonized* for four voices *by William Knyvett.* Birchall, London.

THERE perhaps never was a period when the rage for glee-singing was greater than at present; nor were there ever more composers competent to supply the wants of

the public. Scarcely a house is furnished with a pianoforte that has not also its vocal performers, and though most of these are mere shriekers of sopranos and growlers of basses, there are still many whose taste and talent render them fully adequate to the execution of the new productions that are daily appearing. The arrangement of old airs for four voices has within a few years become extremely popular, and owes its origin in a great measure to Mr. Greatorex, whose talents as an arranger are of the first order; but as he has withheld his compositions from the public eye by declining to publish them, they are but little known excepting to the frequenters of the vocal concerts. Next to Mr. Greatorex must be ranked Mr. W. Knyvett, although many of his productions may justly qualify him to be placed on an equality with that gentleman, and we think none more than the glee in question, which is one of the best that he has ever published. The air of Auld Robin Gray is known to every one, and is as exquisitely beautiful and pathetic, as the words to which it has been set. The manner in which, in its present arrangement, the voices take up the different parts of the subject, and introduce each other, is uncommonly well contrived; the passage of the air at the words, "When my father broke his arm," which is a duet between the treble and tenor ascending and falling in semitones, has a novel and charming effect. Excellent as Mr. Knyvett's productions are, it is much to be regretted that he does not oftener compose glees entirely original, instead of confining himself to the arrangement of airs, which can never confer on him a very high portion of praise, since the merit of invention is considerably lessened by borrowing the subject from the works of others. As Mr. Knyvett performs less in public than he did formerly, it is to be hoped that he will compensate for this deprivation by the frequency and excellence of his compositions.

"*Though thine Eyes, my sweet Girl,*" the words by the *Reverend* Mr. Roberts, composed with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte *by E. Phelps.* Birchall, London.

THE words of this canzonet are remarkable as coming from a divine, who is rather gay in his conceits, and far from possessing that sedateness and solidity which is usually expected from a member of the church, though certainly some of our mordern clergymen have

deviated from the conduct that was formerly thought necessary, and Mrs. Clarke has shewn that they have a shorter way to promotion than drudging on in the path of study, and trusting to their oratorical or literary abilities for success. But perhaps I am too hasty in attributing such amatory feeling to Mr. Roberts, since divinity itself sometimes assumes the appearance of levity; Solomon's Song is said by some of the commentators to bear no allusion to love or sensuality, but to be a sacred allegorical and prophetic effusion of piety, and probably Mr. Roberts's poetical attempt may be something of the same kind. Mr. Phelps was very properly employed to compose the music of this canzonet, as he is always most successful in the amatory style of composition; his productions bear a considerable resemblance to those which go under the name of Mr. Moore, but they are altogether of a superior order. The air and accompaniments to this canzonet are flowing and easy, and afford a very fair opinion of Mr. Phelps's abilites, which are but little above mediocrity.

"*By Celia's Arbour*," a Glee for four voices; the Poetry translated from the Latin of Angerianus, by T. Moore, Esq.; the Music by *Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon.* Birchall, London.

From the blame which is attached to Mr. W. Knyvett for confining himself to the arrangement of old airs, Mr. Horsley is exempt; he has struck boldly into a style of originality with a degree of merit that will render his glees lasting remembrances of his superior talents. "By Celia's Arbour" is throughout a very pleasing production, though not one of the best that the author has published; it is adapted for an alto, two tenors and a bass, and if smoothly sung has a very agreeable effect.

Dr. Crotch intends to read lectures on music at the Hanover-Square Rooms in April. His third volume of specimens of the various kinds of music will be published shortly, and he is enagaged in preparing some other publications, which are expected to be interesting to the musical world.

VERSE.

HORACE, Lib. I.—Od. XV.

NEREUS' PROPHECY OF THE FALL OF TROY.*

From Sparta's friendly coast, when o'er the seas
The faithless shepherd bore his ravish'd prize,
The hoary Nereus hush'd the winds to peace,
While thus he sung the mandates of the skies:

" Ah! wretch! thou bear'st a fatal gift to Troy!
" Soon, soon will Greece, inflam'd with fury just,
" Combine thy father's kingdom to destroy,
" Nor cease till Priam's towers are laid in dust!

" I see the horses' foam, the soldiers' fire!
" Ah! in what heaps the Trojans strew the field!
" Ah! see how Pallas, smit with sacred ire,
" Rears her dire helm, and waves her Gorgon shield!

" In vain, elate with Venus' guardian care,
" Wilt thou, fond fool, thy golden locks attire.
" In vain wilt sing to charm the list'ning fair
" With sweet division to th' unwarlike lyre!

" Coward, in vain thou'lt fly the hissing dart,
" Pursuing Ajax, and the battle's roar.
" Stern death at length shall reach thy dastard heart,
" And thy adult'rous locks be stain'd with gore.

" See'st thou Laertes' son, thy nation's woe,
" And Pylian Nestor, venerable sage?
" The daring archer burns to strike the blow,
" And Sthenelus well-skill'd the war to wage.

" Soon Merion's arm shall strike thy soul with dread;
" But, lo! where raging high with quenchless fire,
" Tydides seeks thy steps with furious speed,
" Tydides braver than his god-like sire.

" Him shalt thou flee with hasty-panting breath,
" As from the wolf fast flies the trembling hare.
" Thus wilt thou fly, Oh, shameless fear of death!
" Spite of thy boastings to thy wanton fair.

---

* The style of this ode is the original of Gray's Bard.

" Awhile Achilles' rage, ye Trojan dames,
" Brief interval, protracts your country's fall.
" Lo! he relents! and wrapt in Grecian flames
" One hideous devastation buries all!"

ON THE DEATH OF FROLICK,

A LAP-DOG BELONGING TO THE MISSES S——

If but his Lesbia's sparrow's death
Could ask Catullus' verse,
What higher strains the parted breath
Of Frolick should rehearse!

Yet here the grief it is that's great,
And small the shell that rings it;
Two Lesbias mourn their Frolick's fate,
But no Catullus sings it.

Nov. 21, 1807.

TO A LADY

AT THE THEATRE ON THURSDAY DEC. 13, 1807.

Lady, 'tis right that o'er your head
The glitt'ring sea-weed flows:
All poets say, that I have read,
Venus from ocean rose.

Dec. 16, 1807. ***

A NIGHT-SONG.

Wide through the azure, blue and bright,
Serenely floats the lamp of night,
The sleeping waves forget to move,
And silent is the cedar-grove;
Each breeze suspended seems to say
" Now Leline for thy roundelay!"
My Delia's lids are clos'd in rest,
Ah! were her pillow but my breast!
Go, dreams, one gentle word impart,
In whispers place me near her heart,
While at her door I'll fondly lay,
And soothe her with my roundelay.
But ah! the night draws in her shade,
And glimm'ring stars reluctant fade.

Yet sleep my love, nor may'st thou feel
The pangs which griefs like mine reveal,
Adieu ! for Morning's on his way,
And bids me close my roundelay.

PARODY OF THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

To my Muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery,
If I jumble up together music, poetry, and history,
To sing of the vices of wicked Queen Bess, sir,
Whose memory posterity with blushes shell confess, sir.
Detested be the memory of wicked Queen Bess, sir,
Whose memory posterity with blushes shall confess, sir.

In swearing she would die a maid, she, England ! did amuse ye,
But what she did, and what she died—I hope you will excuse me,
A gallant Earl a miracle of passion for her fed, sir;
She kiss'd him, and she clos'd the scene by striking off his head, sir
Detested by the lechery, &c.

Oh ! rude ungrateful Scotland ! had thy desolated Queen, sir,
No blue eyes ever known, nor had she beauteous been, sir,
The envy of our old rival hag she might have baffled, sir;
Nor with her guiltless blood have crimson'd o'er the scaffold, sir.
Detested be the cruelty, &c.

She dress'd just like a porcupine, and din'd just like a pig, sir !
And an over-running butt of sack she swallow'd at a swig, sir !
Her brawny maids of honour ate and drunk confounded hard, sir !
And droves of oxen daily bled within her Palace-yard, sir !
Detested be the gluttony, &c.

In ruling she was wonderous tyrannical and surly ;
If a patriot only touch'd on the Queen or Master Burleigh,
She'd send a file of soldiers in less than half an hour, sir,
Just to bid him make his speeches to the prisons of the Tower, sir !
Detested be the tyranny, &c.

THE DRAMA.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

[*Continued from p.* 171.]

It must be very surprising to a mere English reader to be informed of the nothingness of plot, upon which the dramas of the antients were generally founded. Instead of the incident and bustle by which our feelings are constantly interested, and our attention kept continually alive, in reading the Macbeth or Lear of Shakspeare, in most of the Greek tragedies our feelings are very little agitated, and our attention is principally, if not solely, directed to the beauties of language, of sentiment, and description. Of these beauties, indeed, any one of the Greek tragedians may afford us a plentiful repast; but in the sudden vicissitudes of action, and the endless variety of passion, their writings fall infinitely short of the productions of modern times.

A very good specimen of the inanity of their plots may be found in the second tragedy of Æschylus, which is named *Septem contra Thebas*, and of which the story is simply this:—

Polynices, son of Œdipus, comes to claim the crown of which he had been unjustly deprived by his brother Eteocles, who goes out to battle, when the two brothers are slain in single combat.

It is evident that either the narration or the representation of so simple a story could make but a barren subject for a drama. It is accordingly extended to a reasonable length by the interference of the chorus, and the description given by a messenger of the seven allied chiefs to Eteocles, who very patiently stays to hear the whole account, and spends that time in cursing his enemies, which he might better have employed in opposing them with the sword. This enumeration consists of more than 300 lines, which is about one third of the play: it is in every respect highly-wrought, but, at the same time, is undoubtedly tedious, and however it might have been applauded on the Athenian stage, would set an English audience asleep.

The interval after the departure of Eteocles is of course filled up by the chorus, which has just time to perform an ode, before a messenger enters to inform us of the death of the two chiefs. This is a glaring instance of the absurdities, with which the ancient drama abounded: we are to suppose that in the space of about half an hour this momentous contest was decided; a supposition surely as difficult and as ridiculous as any concessions which are exacted from us by our modern plays.

Of all the tragedies of Æschylus, this, notwithstanding its numerous beauties, is one of the worst: it contains no strength of character, and, even comparatively, very little interest; and has certainly less of that unexceptionable moral, for which the Greek dramas are so conspicuous.

The songs of the chorus are much superior to those of the *Prometheus*, and some of them, particularly the first, and the concluding one upon the death of the prince, are perhaps not inferior to many of Euripides and Sophocles. They are certainly noble compositions, and admirably adapted to the situations of the speakers.

The catastrophe of the play is well wound up by the introduction of Antigone and Ismene, sisters of the deceased brothers, who, after a long silence, burst out into a violent strain of lamentation. No poet, certainly, ever better understood than Æschylus, the eloquence of silence: he has successfully exhibited it, as before observed, in the character of Prometheus, and not less successfully in his exquisite delineation of that of Cassandra, in the tragedy of Agamemnon. Of this hereafter.

The lamentations of the two sisters, though in some parts too much inclined to that responsive repetition in which all the Greek tragedians so much delighted, are, upon the whole, poetical and pathetic; and the resolution of Antigone to bury her brother Polynices, in direct opposition to the edict of the rulers of the city, is noble and interesting. The latter part of the piece is by far superior to the former.

It is rather surprising that such rigid observers of decorum, as the ancient tragedians were, should discover that strange propensity to quibble upon names, which we meet with in several of their productions. Even the polished Sophocles could not resist this temptation: in his tragedy of *Ajax*, we are pleasantly informed of the

similiarity which exists between the sounds of Αιας and αιαξειν.

" Αι αι τις αν ποτ ωεθ' ωδ' επωνυμον
" Τωμον ξυνοισειν ονομα τοις εμοις κακοις;
" Νυν γαρ παρεστι και δις αιαζειν εμοι,
" Και τρις. *Ajax*, *v.* 430—3.

So in the play before us, and in one or two more, if I mistake not, the name of Polynices is made a handle for a pun, and we are facetiously reminded, in the most serious parts of the drama, how justly he had been named the *man of much contention*:—

" Οι δητ' ορθως κατ' επωνυμιην
" Και πολυνεικεις
" Ωλοντ' ασεβει διανοια.
Sept. con. Theb. v. 835—7.

If these specimens be not sufficient, here is another at hand from the Agamemnon of Æschylus. By the name of Helen (Ελενη) the chorus is very naturally reminded, how exactly her name agreed with her character. She is Ἑλενας, ελανδρο, ἑλεπτολις, the destroyer of ships, the destroyer of her husband, the destroyer of cities.

These petty quibbles are not exactly suited to the dignity of tragedy, and they have accordingly been reprobated in Shakspeare with a sufficient degree of severity.

The dispute for superiority between the three great tragedians of Greece has been very violent. To whomsoever the palm may be given, (and it is generally given, I believe, to Sophocles,) a comparison of the two following noble passages will, perhaps, convince every reader, that at least in the department of terror, Æschylus could rise superior to his competitors:—

" ——Τουν ω φιλοι, κατ ερον
" 'Ερεσσετ' αμφι κρατι πομπιμον χερσιν
" Πιτυλον, ος αιεν δι αχερουτ' αμειβεται
" Ταν αγονον, μελαγκρεκον
" Ναυστολον θεωριδα,
" Ταν αγιβη 'Απολλωνι, ταν αναλιον,
" Παυδοκον, εις αφανη τε χερσον.
Sept. con. Theb. v. 860—6.

" Ματηρ * * * * * * *
" * * * * * * * * * *

" Αιλινον, αιλινον,
" Ουδ' οικτρας γοον
" Ορνιθος ανδυς
" Ησει δυσμορος·
" Αλλ' οξυτονυς μεν ωδας
" Θρηνησει· χεροπληκτοι
" Δ' εν στερνοισι πεσυνται
" Αμυγματα χαιτας." *Ajax. v.* 630—40.

MR. TOBIN'S PLAGIARISMS.

" Parallel passages," says Cowper, " or at least a striking similiarity of expression is always worthy of remark." Upon this principle the New Series of the Cabinet has greatly acted ; and it is thought that the plagiarisms of a writer of such taste and genius as Mr. Tobin will not be deemed unworthy of its detection. The ground-works of the stories and characters of Mr. Tobin's dramas have been pointed out with much acumen by our periodical critics ; and in some of their publications parallel passages have been compared. Of general remark, I have only this to add : that the idea of Zamora in the Honey Moon, disguised as a page, and telling her own story to her lover, is taken from Samuel Daniel's Hymen's Triumph, 1660. There is so much of similarity in the cast of language of both these scenes that I shall transcribe part of Daniel's, premising that Clarindo, the disguised Silvia, is only sent on a message to Thirsis, and does not act in the capacity of his servant, as Zamora does to Rolando :—

" *Thirsis.* Now, canst thou sing, my boy, some gentle song ?
Clarindo. I cannot sing, but I could weep.
Thir. Weep ! Why ?
Cla. Because I am not as I wish to be.
Thir. Why so are none ; be not displeas'd for this ;
And if you cannot sing, tell me some tale
To pass the time.
Cla. That I can do, did I but know what kind
Of tale you lik'd.
Thir. No merry tale my boy, nor yet too sad,
But mixed, like the tragic-comedies.
Cla. Then such a tale I have, and a true tale,
Believe me, sir, although not written yet
In any book, but sure it will ; I know
Some gentle shepherd, mov'd with passion, must
Record it to the world, and well it will
Become the world to understand the same.

And this it is; There was sometimes a nymph,
Isulia nam'd, and an *Arcadian* born;
Fair can I not avouch she was, but chaste,
And honest sure, as the event 'twill prove;
Whose mother dying, left her very young
Unto her father's charge, who carefully
Did breed her up until she came to years
Of womanhood, and then provides a match
Both rich and young, and fit enough for her.
But she, who to another shepherd had,
Call'd *Sirthis*, vow'd her love, as unto one
Her heart esteem'd more worthy of her love,
Could not by all her father's means be wrought
To leave her choice; and to forget her vow.
Thir.—No more could my dear *Silvia* be from me.
Cla.—Which caused much affliction to them both.
Thir.—And so the self-same cause did unto us.
Cla.—This nymph one day, surcharg'd with love and grief,
Which commonly (the more the pity) dwell
As inmates both together, walking forth
With other maids to fish upon the shore,
Estrays apart, and leaves her company
To entertain herself with her own thoughts;
And wanders on so far and out of sight,
As she at length was suddenly surpriz'd
By pirates, who lay lurking underneath
Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.
And notwithstanding all her piteous cries,
Intreaties, tears, and prayers, those fierce men
Rent hair, and vail, and carry'd her by force
Into their ship, which in a little creek
Hard by, at anchor lay, and presently hoisted sail,
And so away.
Thir.—Rent hair, and vail; and so
Both hair, and vail of *Silvia*, I found rent,
Which here I keep with me. But now, alas!
What did she? What became of her, my boy?
Cla.—When she was thus inshipp'd, and woefully
Had cast her eyes about to view that hell
Of horror, whereunto she was so suddenly
Emplung'd, she spies a woman sitting with a child
Sucking her breast, which was the captain's wife.
To her she creeps, down at her feet she lies;
O woman, if that name of a woman may
Move you to pity, pity a poor maid,
The most distressed soul that ever breath'd!
And save me from the hands of those fierce men,
Let me not be defil'd and made unclean,
Dear woman now, and I will be to you
The faithfull'st slave that ever mistress serv'd;
Never poor soul shall be more dutiful,
To do whatever you command, than I,
No toil will I refuse, so that I may
Keep this poor body clean and undeflower'd,
Which is all I will ever seek. For know

It is not fear of death makes me thus low,
But of that stain will make my death to blush.
Thïr.—What, would not all this move a woman's heart?
Cla.—All this would nothing move the woman's heart,
Whom yet she would not leave, but still besought;
Oh, woman, by that infant at your breast,
And by the pains it cost you in the birth,
Save me, as ever you desire to have
Your babe to joy and prosper in the world,
Which will the better prosper sure, if you
Shall mercy shew, which is with mercy paid.
Then kisses she her feet, then kisses too
The infant's feet; and oh, sweet babe, (said she)
Could'st thou but to thy mother speak for me,
And crave her to have pity on my case,
Thou might'st perhaps, prevail with her so much
Altho' I cannot; child, ah could'st thou speak!
The infant, whether by her touching it,
Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weep,
Looks earnestly upon her, and then looks
Upon the mother, then on her again,
And then it cries, and then on either looks:
Which she perceiving, blessed child, (said she)
Altho' thou can'st not speak, yet dost thou cry
Unto thy mother for me. Hear thy child,
Dear mother, it's for me it cries,
It's all the speech it hath: accept those cries,
Save me at his request from being defil'd:
Let pity move thee, that thus moves thy child.
The woman, tho' by birth and custom rude,
Yet having veins of nature, could not be
But piercable, did feel at length the point
Of pity enter so, as out gush'd tears,
(Not usual to stern eyes) and she besought
Her husband to bestow on her that prize,
With safeguard of her body at her will.
The captain seeing his wife, the child, the nymph,
All crying to him in this piteous sort,
Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants
His wife's request, and seals his grant with tears:
And so they wept all four for company,
And some beholders stood not with dry eyes;
Such passion wrought the passion of their prize.
Thir.—In troth, my boy, and even thy telling of it
Moves me likewise, thou dost so feelingly
Report the same, as if thou had'st been by.
But I imagine now how this poor nymph
When she receiv'd that doom, was comforted.
Cla.—Sir, never was there pardon, that did take
Condemned from the block, more joyful than
This grant to her. For all her misery
Seem'd nothing to the comfort she receiv'd,
By being thus sav'd from impurity:
And from the woman's feet she would not part,
Nor trust her hand to be without some hold

Of her, or of the child, so long as she remain'd
Within the ship, which in few days arrives
At *Alexandria*, whence these pirates were;
And there this woeful maid for two years' space
Did serve, and truly serve this captain's wife,
Who would not lose the benefit of her
Attendance, for her profit otherwise.
But daring not in such a place as that
To trust herself in woman's habit, crav'd
That she might be apparel'd like a boy,
And so she was, and as a boy she serv'd.
Thir.—And two years 'tis, since I my *Silvia* lost.
Cla.—At two years' end, her mistress sends her forth
Unto the port for some commodities,
Which whilst she sought for, going up and down,
She heard some merchantmen of *Corinth* talk,
Who spake that language the *Arcadians* did,
And were next neighbours of one continent.
To them, all wrap' with passion, down she kneels,
Tells them she was a poor distressed boy,
Born in *Arcadia*, and by pirates took,
And made a slave in *Egypt*, and besought
Them, as they fathers were of children, or
Did hold their native country dear, they would
Take pity on her, and, and relieve her youth
From that sad servitude wherein she liv'd:
For which she hop'd that she had friends alive
Would thank them one day, and reward them too;
If not, yet that she knew the Heav'ns would do.
The merchants mov'd with pity of her case,
Being ready to depart, took her with them,
And landed her upon her country coast.
Where when she found herself, she prostrate falls,
Kisses the ground, thanks gives unto the Gods,
Thanks them who had been her deliverers.
And on she trudges thro' the desart woods,
Climes over craggy rocks, and mountains steep,
Wades thorough rivers, struggles thorough bogs,
Sustained only by the force of love;
Until she came unto the native plains,
Unto the fields where first she drew her breath.
There she lifts up her eyes, salutes the air,
Salutes the trees, the bushes, flowers and all:
And oh, dear *Thirsis*, here I am, said she,
Here notwithstanding all my miseries,
I am the same I was to thee; a pure,
A chaste, and spotless maid: oh that I may
Find thee the man, thou did'st profess to be!
Thir.—Or else no man; for boy, who truly love,
Must ever so; that dye will never out;
And who but would love truly such a soul?
Cla.—But now, the better to have notice how
The state of things then stood, and not in haste
To cast her self on new incumbrances,
She kept her habit still, and put her self

To serve a nymph, of whom she had made choice,
Till time were fitting to reveal herself."

Of parallel passages, which have not yet been pointed out, I have, with the assistance of a friend's reading, discovered not a few. They follow in their order:—

HONEY MOON.

Act. I. Scene 1.

" *Duke.* ———tho' she be prouder,
" Than the vext ocean at its topmost swell," &c.
" ———were she as rough
" As are the swelling Adriatic seas."

Taming of the Shrew.

" She, like a well-tamed *hawk*, &c."

Katharine, in the Taming of the Shrew, is compared to a falcon.

Scene 2.

" *Balthazar.* Not come yet.
" *Juliana.* How? Not come?"

Petruchio's delay on a similar occasion, was undoubtedly in Mr. Tobin's eye.

" *Juliana.* ———Man was born to wait
" On woman, and attend her sov'reign pleasure."
" Nothing belongs to mankind but obedience,
" And such a hand I'll keep over this husband, &c."

Rule a Wife.

" *Juliana.* 'If you think so, my dear,' and 'you know best,'
" And 'as you please,'" &c.

" *Beatrice.* Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl." *Much ado about Nothing.*

" *Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make a courtesy and say, 'Father, as it please you.'" *Ibid.*

Act II. Scene 2.

" *Volante.* What! and then you are to confess, and I am to listen, &c."

" The Huron was mute, and confest his sins to Recollet. When he had done, he dragged the Recollet from the confessional chair, and seizing him with a vigourous arm, placed himself in his seat, and made the Recollet kneel before him: 'Come, friend,' said he, 'it is written, Confess your sins one to another; I have related to you my sins, and you shall not stir till you recount yours.'"

VOLTAIRE.

Scene 3.

" *Count.* Upon my soul,
" He means you fairly, honourably, nobly."
" Upon my life, Petruchio means it well."
Taming of the Shrew.

" *Balthazar.* I am not yet so old,
" But that my blood will flame at such an insult, &c."

Leonato, in Much ado about Nothing, expresses himself on a similar occasion in a similar manner:—

" Time has not yet so dried this blood of mine, &c."

Scene 4.

" *Duke.* There is a lurking devil in her eye," &c.
" There lurks a still and dumb-discussive devil."
Troilus and Cressida.

Act III. Scene 1.

Zamora's Song.

" And sighs of pity seldom fail
" In noble hearts to waken love."
" Pity melts the mind to love." DRYDEN.

Scene 2.

" *Jaques.* If I tell one of my best stories don't any of you laugh," &c.

" If I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story, you must not all burst out a laughing," &c. *She stoops to conquer.*

Scene 4.

" *Juliana.* ———And what's a husband?
" *Duke.* Why, as some wives would metamorphos[illegible] in,
" A very miserable ape indeed!—
" A sweating slave to dig the precious ore,
" Which their high-feeding vanities make current;
" A fence to stand betwixt them and dishonour,
" Which if their bounding wantonness o'erleaps—
" A thing more loathsome and detestable!—
" *Mere fuller's-earth to bleach their spotted credit!*
" A blotting-paper to drink up their stains!

" ———Read the new world's wonders,
" Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
" And you'll scarce find such strange deformities.
" They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
" Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
" Balls that lie by you to wash out your stains,
" And bills, nailed up with horns before your doors,
" To rent out wantonness." *Rule a Wife and have a Wife.*

" Money is the true fuller's-earth for reputations; there is not a spot or a stain, but what it can take out." *Beggar's Opera.*

Act IV. Scene 1.

" *Lampedo.* I am *spare*,
" And therefore *spare* me."

" *Falstaff.* O give me the *spare* men, and *spare* me the great ones." *Henry IV. Part* 2.

Act V. Scene 1.

" *Balthazar.* What spells, what cunning witchcraft," &c.

Brabantio accuses Othello of having seduced his daughter by the means of witchcraft.

" *Juliana.* You, sir, are my father:
" At the bare mention of that hallow'd name,
" A thousand recollections rise within me,
" To witness you have ever been a kind one:—
" This is my husband, sir!"

" *Desdemona.* My noble father,
" I do perceive here a divided duty:
" To you I'm bound for life and education;—
" But here's my husband." *Othello.*

Scene 2.

" *Rolando.* ————Like a bear,
" I'm fixt to th' stake. and must endure the baiting."

" They have ty'd me to a stake: I cannot fly,
" But, bear-like, I must fight the course." *Macbeth.*

CURFEW.

Act II. Scene 1.

" *Matilda.* I almost trust thee, for thou dost not swear."

This reprobation of an oath is by no means an original idea: in addition to the passage where it occurs in Otway's Orphan, and which has been already noticed, it is to be found, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, in the same poet's Venice Preserved. Shakspeare, too, has enlarged upon it in his Julius Cæsar, act ii. scene 1.

" ————What need we any other *oath*,
" Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
" That this shall be, or will fall for it?
" Swear priests and cowards," &c. &c.

It may be traced back as far as Sophocles, who has introduced the following line in his Œdipus Coloneus:—

" Ου τοι σ' υφ ορκε γ' ως κακον πιςωσομαι."

[*To be concluded.*]

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

JANUARY.

28. La Capricciosa Pentita. The Asiatic Divertissement. Les amours de Glauque et Circe, ou, La Vengeance de Venus.

31. A new Comic Opera, called I Villegiatori Bizzari. (1.) The music by Signior Pucitta. The principal characters by Signior Naldi, Signior Morelli, Signior Righi, Signior Rovedino, Signior de Giovanni, Signora Pucitta (being her first appearance in this country), Signora Griglietti, Signora Collini. Id. Id.

FEBRUARY.

4. Id. Id. Id.

7. Id. Id. Id.

11. Id. Id. Id.

14. Id. Id. (For the first time) a new comic ballet, composed by Mr. D'Egville, entitled Don Quichotte, ou, Les Noces de Gamache. (2.) The music by F. Venua. The scenery, dresses, and decorations entirely new. The principal characters by Mons. Deshayes, Mons. Vestris, Mons. Morvin, Mons. Boisgurard, Madame Deshayes, Miss Gayton, and Madlle Angiolini.

18. Id. Id. Id.

21. Id. Id. Id.

25. Id. Id. Id.

(1.) The plot of this opera is the old story of the Sleeper Awakened in the Arabian Night's Entertainments, which Mr. Douce supposes to be the original of all those "gestes," which were the forerunners of Shakspeare's Induction to the Taming of a Shrew. The situations of the opera afford excellent opportunities for the display of the comic talents of Naldi and Collini; but the dialogue and songs are as ill-written as those of any "comic opera" we ever heard. It should be observed, however, that Naldi, who is the Sleeper Awakened of this opera, is liable to the only theatrical criticism, which Dr. Johnson ever made: the Doctor said of Garrick in Scrub, that he did not let the gentleman shine through the footman, but was as vulgar as if the character had been born so ("to this effect; after what flourish his nature would"); it may be said of Naldi, vice versa, that he does not let the clown peep out of the habit of the Duke, but becomes that dress and rank too well. Signora Pucitta is a pleasing and scientific singer, but incapable of bravura: in a delicious trio in the first

act, in which she, Collini, and Righi take the parts, the accession of Pucitta serves however to throw Collini into the second voice, which she sings with all that richness of tenor, of which we thought her capable. This trio is admirably managed by all parts, and reflects no less credit on its composer, whose opera is upon the whole a superior production.

(2.) This ballet, it will be apparent, is founded on the novel of Don Quixote. Mr. D'Egville, however, is very soon puzzled what to do with the Knight and the Squire; and is obliged to lay them on the shelf, to introduce the Fandango between Vestris and Angiolini. This is an exquisite morsel; and luckily for Mr D'Egville and Mr. Venua makes us forget all the clumsiness of the ballet, and the emptiness of its music.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

JANUARY.

25. Man and Wife, Robinson Crusoe.
26. Id. Blue Beard. Beda, Miss Kelly.
27. Id. Ella Rosenberg. Rosenberg, Mr. Siddons.
28. Id. Three and the Deuce
31. Man and Wife. Blue Beard.

FEBRUARY.

1. [Not acted these twenty years.] Cato.—Cato, Mr. WRIGHT, from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, being his first appearance on this stage (1). Juba, Mr. Siddons. Portius, Mr. Holland. Marcus, Mr. Decamp. Sempronius, Mr. Raymond. Syphax, Mr. Powell. Lucius, Mr. Eyre. Decius, Mr. Marshall. Marcia, Mrs. H. Siddons. Lucia, Mrs. Corri. Mayor of Garratt.

2. Venoni.—Midnight Hour. Julia, Mrs. Orger. Flora, Mrs. Jordan.

3. Man and Wife. Blue Beard.

4. Cabinet. Lozenzo, the Young Gentleman, who performed Sir George Airy (2). [Vide play-bill of 27th December, 1808. [page 178.] Three and the Deuce.

6. Cato. Blue Beard.

7. Man and Wife. Weathercock.

9. Jew. [never acted] A new Comedy in two Acts, called THE UNCONSCIOUS COUNTERFEIT. (3) Characters, Capt. Dashfort, Mr. Elliston. Belville, Mr. Holland, ——, Mr. Dowton. Chucklebag, Mr. Mathews. Ap Jones, Mr. Penley. Footman, Mr. Decamp. Jemmy Twitcher, Mr. Smith. ———, Miss Boyce. Betty, Mrs. Harlowe.

10. John Bull. Frank Rochdale, Mr. Thompson, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, by permission of the Proprietors! Id.

11. Man and Wife. Id.

13. School for Scandal. Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. RYLEY, from the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, his first appearance on this stage. (4) Crabtree, Mr. Penley. Blue Beard.

14. Man and Wife. A monody on the Death of Sir John Moore, spoken by Mrs. Powell. (5) Unconscious Counterfeit.

16. Venoni. Monody. Love in a Tub. Id.

18. Man and Wife. Id.

20. Country Girl. Alithea, Mrs. Orger. Blue Beard.

21. Man and Wife. Unconscious Counterfeit.

(1) The heavy tragic poem of Cato this night "dragged its slow length along," that Mr. Wright, of Edinburgh, might give the public a practical lesson in elocution. We do not think him peculiarly well qualified even for this task; to the science of acting, he who selects such a part as Cato of course makes no pretensions. Mr. Wright is evidently a sensible man; but his elocution is laboured and slow, his person undignified, and his action awkward. His voice is stiff and harsh, and his head disproportionably large; he has a perverse bend of the wrist, and throws out his arms either horizontally with his shoulders, like a crucifix, or behind his back, like Catalani or Collini, when they are driving some terrified lover before them with the climax of an opera-song. We understand Mr. Wright to be one of those masters in a boarding-school known by the name of Professors of Elocution. He may be very well qualified to teach young gentlemen and ladies to waste their time, in looking forward to a public exhibition of their pretty talents in spouting, at the end of the half-year; he may be very capable of bending the inclinations of others to the profession of the stage; but he had better not appear there himself.

(2) Mr. Kent is a better singer than an actor; but, as the auctioneers say, "his whole is capable of the greatest improvement."

(3) It may be truly said of our present managers,

> For com'dies and farces,
> Their equal there scarce is:
> Their farces are com'dies,
> Their com'dy a farce is.

(2) The Unconscious Counterfeit is the second after-piece this season that has been announced as a comedy; and truly it is more worthy of that appellation than any new first-piece we have seen, since Mr. Kenney's World at this theatre, and since the memory of man at the other. It is the production of Mr. Grefulhe, the translator of the Portrait of Cervantes; and though rather plagiaristic, is upon the whole a humorous and well-written farce (for such in strictness is its description). It is a good deal like Mr. Kenney's Raising the Wind; and the character of the Bailiff, Twitcher, is copied from his name-sake, Twitch, in the Good-natured Man. This character is nevertheless drawn by no vulgar hand, or rather by a hand that has nicely copied vulgarity; and it was dressed, looked, and played by Mr. Smith, with matchless slang. The principal character in the piece is a dashing coxcomb, which affords one of the most exquisite displays of Mr. Elliston's dry humour and grave impudence, we ever witnessed. We are highly pleased with the undramatic moral, which this farce affords, in eventually bestowing the heroine's hand upon the steady lover, for whom it was at first intended, and not upon the dashing "Counterfeit," whom her "heart," as it is called, would have preferred. He, having "strutted his little hour upon the stage," is at the conclusion of the piece very properly, however undramatically, dismissed and "heard no more." This is worthy of a moralist; and is what we have not seen in a fiction, since the novels of Voltaire, and the tales of Miss Edgeworth. We recollect a beautiful little dialogue by the Frenchman, half of which is so applicable to the present moral, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting it.

"*Melinda.*—Erastes went hence just now, and I find you in a profound reverie. He is young, well-made, ingenious, rich, amiable; and I forgive your thoughtfulness.

Sophronia.—He is all that, I confess.

Mel.—And what's more, he loves you.

Soph.—I confess that too.

Mel.—And I think you are not insensible towards him.

Soph.—That's a third confession, which my friendship has no hesitation in making.

Mel.—Add to it a fourth then; I foresee that you will shortly be the wife of Erastes.

Soph.—And I foretel you, with equal confidence, that I shall never be his wife.

Mel.—What! does your mother object to so suitable a match?

Soph.—No: she leaves me perfectly at liberty to choose for myself: I love Erastes; but I shall not marry him.

Mel.—And what reason can you have for tyrannizing over yourself thus?

Soph.—Simply the dread of being tyrannized. Erastes has wit; but then he is imperious and satirical: he has graces; but then he will lavish them upon others besides me, and I don't wish to stand a rivalship with one of those persons who sell their charms, who unfortunately lend a renown to the purchasers of them, who disgust one half of a town by their ostentation, and ruin the other by their example, and who triumph in society over the miseries of an honest woman, whom they have reduced to mourn in solitude. My inclinations would strongly lead me to prefer Erastes; but I have studied his character, and that has too strongly contradicted my inclinations: I wish to be happy; and happy I should not be with him: I shall therefore marry Aristes whom I do esteem, and hope to love."—*Dialogue XII. Education of Women.*

(4) Mr. Ryley, who made his first appearance in London to-night, is the author of the Itinerant, or Memoirs of an Actor, a work which has lately appeared, but which we have not seen. Mr. Ryley's performance was very discreditable to him. Instead of being irritable and jealous, Mr. Ryley was sober, sad, and with great difficulty stirred up to the least emotion; and when this was accomplished, he was as violent as he had before been calm. Now, it appears to us that the very antipodes of this conduct is congenial with the character of Sir Peter Teazle. Of humour, we do not conceive Mr. Ryley to possess one tittle: he is *sérieux comme un*————[*Here the MS. is deficient.*]

(5) We saw nothing very appropriate or well-timed in this Monody, of which the composition is of about the pitch of the Fitzwilliams and the rest of the poets-laureat to the public. Mrs. Powell recited it however with much judgment: her sing-song voice she cannot now help; but instead of pausing at the end of each line, "as many of our players do," she very properly ran the lines into one another agreeably to the sense of them, and suffered the rhymes to find their own level, if we may be allowed the metaphor. This is what we have always conceived to be the true elocution of verse.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET, (COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY.)

JANUARY.

25. Macbeth. Macbeth, Mr. Kemble,his first appearance since his severe indisposition.) Tom Thumb.

26. Exile. [Not acted these five years] The grand Historic Pantomime Drama of De La Perouse; or the Desolate Island. (1) The Action, &c. of the Ballet under the sole direction of Mr. Farley. The Overture composed by Messrs. Moorehead & Davy. The Music of the first part, by Mr. Davy. That of the second, by Mr. Ware. Characters. Europeans. Perouse, (the Navigator) Mr. Bologna, jun.; Theodore, (son of Perouse,) Miss Worgman; Conge, Mr. Ridgway; Madame Perouse, Miss Bristow.——Chimpanzee, (an Animal of the Desolate Island), Master Oscar Byrne.—Natives of a neighbouring Island. Kanko, (suitor to Umba), Mr. Grimaldi; Negaski, (Umba's father), Mr. King; Potepataw, Mr. W. Murray; Tetasemaw, Master Goodwin; Umba, Miss Adams.

27. Gamester. Id.

28. A New Way to Pay Old Debts. Id.

30. The Oratorio of the Messiah. (2)

31. Hamlet. Hamlet, Mr. Kemble. De La Perouse.

FEBRUARY.

1. Man of the World. Id.

2. Othello. Id.

3. Every Man in his Humour. Id.

4. King Henry the Eighth. Id.

6. Hamlet. Id.

7. Gamester. [never acted] A New Farce in two Acts, called, IS HE A PRINCE? (3)—Characters by Mr. Munden, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Jones, Mr. Liston, Mr. Farley, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Norton.

9. Macbeth. Id.

10. Exile. Catharine, Miss Bolton. Id.

11. King Henry the Eighth. Id.

13. Revenge. De La Perouse.

14. Gamester. Is he a Prince?

16. Man of the World. De La Perouse.

17. First Act of the Creation. Two Grand Miscellaneous Acts.

18. Macbeth. Macbeth, Mr. Young. Is he a Prince?—Mr. Bluffberg, Mr. Blanchard.

20. King Lear. Kent, Mr. Creswell. Cordelia, Miss Bristow. De La Perouse.

21. Gamester. Is he a Prince?

22. The Oratorio of the Messiah.

(1) The Pantomime of De La Perouse, if it has more nature and interest than most productions of this kind, is nevertheless far from unobjectionable. Its principal fault, we take to be its direct opposition to fact: Perouse has never been discovered and restored to society; and it must be doubly painful to the feelings of those who knew, or otherwise take an interest in, Perouse, to see the fate of the navigator on the stage so different to what it was in reality. The story would be too recent, were it correctly told. Another great fault of the Pantomime is, its occasional tediousness: there are twenty exits and entrances without any apparent object: "movet sed non promovet." When the Pantomime does excite an interest, however, it is no powerless one, and in one scene in particular, this interest is greatly heightened by the excellent imitation of a monkey, which Master Oscar Byrne displays. This active little fellow never for a moment forgets the quickness and restlessness of the animal he personifies; and not only imitates a monkey with the greatest felicity, but, *via* the monkey imitates the actions of a man in the most monkey-like manner. His utter abandonment to the emotion of fear, unrestrained, as that of an animal is, by any shew of courage, was most happily pictured by the trembling manner, in which he appeared to wish to shrink into annihilation, while his hands were held up to guard his head, and all his other limbs contracted themselves together. Every trickful school-boy, who witnessed this imitation of a monkey, must have "hid his diminish'd head."

(2) Messrs. Ashleys' Oratorios commenced, as usual, on this night, the anniversary of King Charles's martyrdom, as it is called. The singers of this season are Mr. Braham, Mrs. Dickons, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Vaughan, Mrs. Bland, Mr. Taylor, (not of this Theatre), Mr. Pyne, and Master Dourouset. The whole orchestra is not of the very first order, and the chorus-singers are positively bad. On this evening, Mrs. Dickons was too much indisposed to sing, but the "Lenten entertainments" have received the addition of her talents. Not

one of the singers we have named is what can be called a Handel-singer; and this town could certainly afford a better Oratorio-orchestra than Messrs. Ashleys have provided.

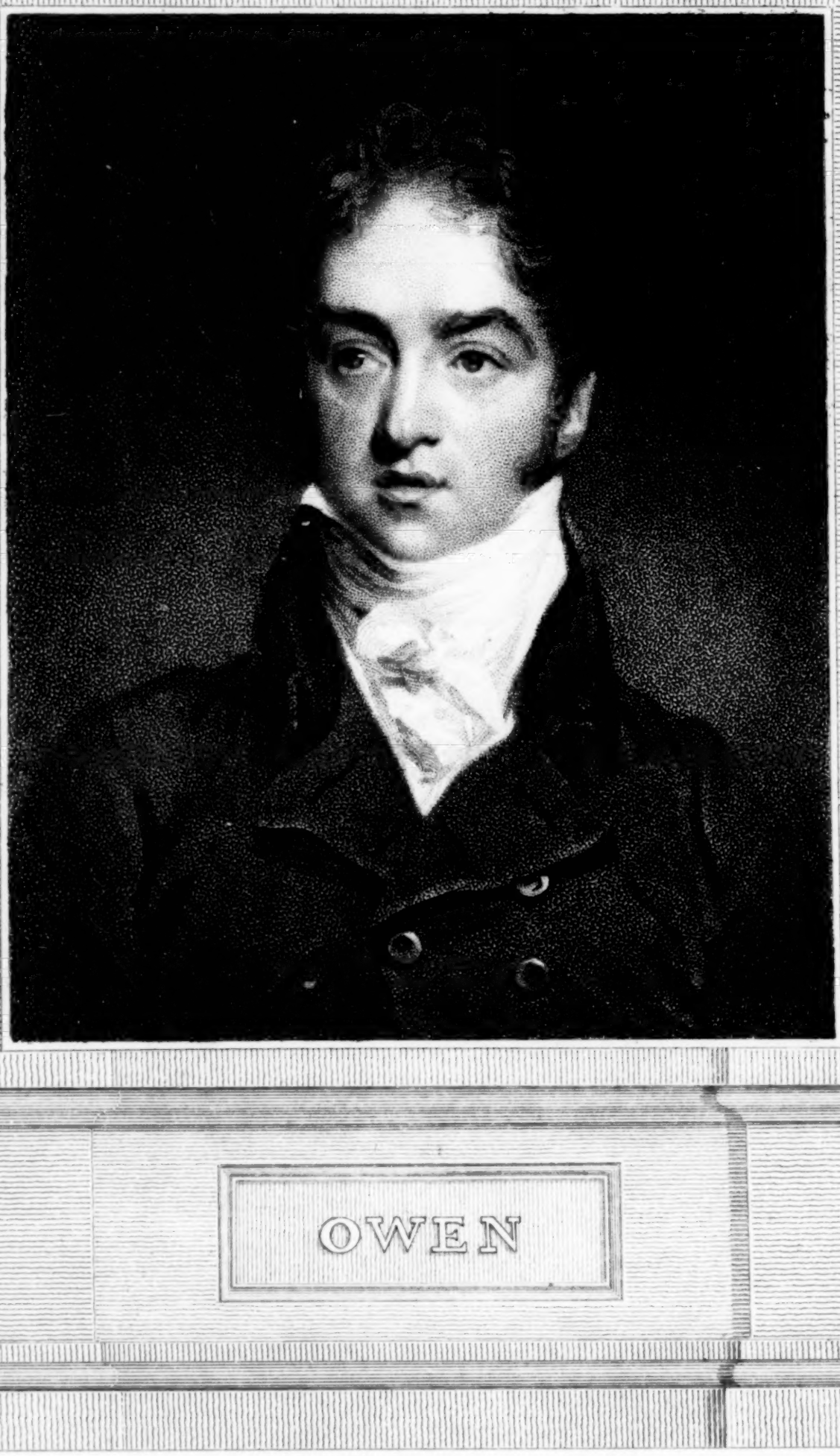
(3) This is a very pleasant farce, containing much natural equivoque, and easy humour. It is the production of the same author as that at Drury-lane, Mr. Grefulhe, and, though not so well written as the Unconscious Counterfeit, has very few modern vices in its composition. It affords an easy opportunity for the display of Mr. Liston's peculiar talents; and puts a mock-oration into his mouth, which comes out of it like gold seven times purified. Mr. Munden's character also does justice to the actor; it is needless, in these times to say the actor does justice to the character. As for Mr. Jones, we dislike him, in proportion as we see more of him. His fop is inferior to Mr. De Camp's; and he appears to us to be a mere imitator of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Fawcett.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The great topic of theatrical discussion at the present moment, is the destruction of Drury-lane Theatre by fire, last Friday evening. As many sources of this fire have been named, as there were combustible materials in the theatre. Some say it arose from the negligence of the varnishers of the Chinese lobby, who had lately been at work; but they seem to "deliver a plain *unvarnish'd* tale" on the subject. Then the plumbers must have been the cause of it; and the charge has put them very much in the *dumps*. Others are of opinion, that it was intentionally set on fire; and the Methodists are held in great suspicion. Fire is certainly their element. The flames have scarcely "left a wrack behind." Stone was the only thing they did not devour. Little has been saved from them. Mrs. Jordan's bureau has been rescued; and Mr. Mathews personally bore away his dressing-box; but the general wardrobe of the theatre is converted "into air, into thin air." Mr Johnstone has lost all those songs, which constituted his most valuable property, and of which he has not another copy.

It is thought that the theatre will lie in ruins for a long time. The proprietors have *wisely* determined not to build it up in that *hasty manner*, in which Covent-garden New Theatre is to be erected. The performers are to meet Mr. Sheridan at the Box-office to-morrow morning. This gentleman supped with some of them at the Piazza Coffee-house while the theatre was burning, and assured them that whatever happened, they had a friend who loved them!

Feb. 27, 1809.



J. Wright pinx.t *Engraved by H. Meyer.*

Published by Mathews & Leigh, 1809.